MARONIDES;

OR,

Virgil Traveſty,

Being a New

PARAPHRASE

In *Burleſque* Verſe,

Upon the Fifth and Sixth Book of *Virgil*'s *Æneids*.

By *John Phillips* Gent. the Author of the *Satyr* againſt *Hypocrites*.

× Milton's Nephew

LONDON,

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Maronides

OR

Virgil Traveſty.

LIB. V.

WHile *Dido* in a Bed of Fire,
A new-found way to cool deſire,
Lay wrapt in ſmoke, half Cole, half *Dido*,
Too late repenting Crime *Libido*,
Monſieur Æneas went his ways;
For which I con him little praiſe,
To leave a Lady, not ith' mire,
But which was worſer, in the fire.
He Neuter-like, had no great aim,
To kindle or put out the flame.

He had what he would have, the Wind;
More than ten *Dido's* to his mind.
The merry gale was all in Poop,
Which made the *Trojanes* all cry Hoop!
My Author tells ye they were glad,
They ſuch a brave eſcape had made;
Fearing ſome *Hector*, raging wood
For's Miſtreſs fate, in anger ſhou'd,
Firſt Cloyſter up their Wives, like Nunns;
Then geld themſelves, and ſhave their Crowns.
They car'd not for ſuch *Punic* Giggs,
For Whores then ſold no Periwigs.
As thus they reaſon'd among themſelves,
Safe as they thought from Sands and Shelves,
Carthage to them ſeem'd all in Flame,
Æneas knew himſelf too blame,
Yet doubting what caus'd the miſhap,
To know it would have pawn'd his Cap.
He knew his laſt demeanor ill,
And his departure ungentile,

That

That Groom had neither gratifi'd
Nor Maid that tuckt up his Bed-side.
And had forsook a willing Soul,
A Lady once, but now a Fool,
Strangely ore-shot to let a Looby,
So treacherously give her the go-by.
Such whims as these his thoughtful Breast,
With many a Gimcrack over-prest.
When on a sudden, loe, the Air,
That was but now serenely fair,
Choak'd with a flux of Rhume and Drivel,
Began in manner most uncivil,
To spaul upon *Æneas* Beard,
And *Trojan* folk, whom fire had spar'd.
But when they heard the Ratling Thunder,
That Rent both Ears and Seas in sunder,
Ready to dash their Oyster Skiffs,
Like Infants Brains against the Cliffs;
The women offer'd *Jove* their *S*mocks,
To save'em from the threatning Rocks;

The men they proffer'd Smocks and Wives,
And all, to save their own dear lives.
Better 't had bin for us, they cry'd,
That we had bin like Herrings fry'd;
Than here to dy like drowned Rats,
Us and our Wives and little Brats.
And then they made it all their wishes,
That *Jove* would turn 'em into Fishes
For why, quoth they, a living Gudgeon,
Is better far than a dead *Trojan.*
Good *Palinure*, a kind of Zealot,
Fitter to make a Priest than Pilot,
For you would swear that he poor Pidgeon,
No Seaman was by his Religion,
Foreseeing well the neer disasters,
Fell streightway to his *Pater nosters.*
O *Neptune*, crying loud, quoth He,
Thou great Stat-holder of the Sea,
Ore all *Sea-Horses*, and all *Whales*
The chief of Major-Generals;

What

What ail your blubb-cheekt *Aquilo's*,
To trouble thus the Waves Repoſe?
A knot of Hectring Dammie fellows,
Inſtead of Rapiers uſing Bellows,
Confounded Bragadochio ſkipjacks
That live by ſnatching Cloaks and Shipwracks,
Why doſt thou let ſuch Ragamuffins,
Thus rudely make our *ſhips* our Coffins.
They know full well that thou and we,
Are of the ſelf ſame Family.
So that what's don to us, alaſs,
Your Godſhip chiefly does diſgrace.
For why ſhould ſuch a ſhabby brood?
Abuſe your Worſhips Fleſh and Blood.
A peaceful Train, yet I aſſure ye,
Such as might be of a Grand Jury.
For Kindred ſake Sir *Neptune* then,
Make not Sea-Souce of your Kins-Men.
Æneas his *Muſtachio's* tore,
Twas you, quoth he, by whom I ſwore,

Never too late to repent.

To my dear *Dido*, faith and truth:
Come from the Chin of faithleſs Youth:
With that he tweag'd his Chaps and Jawes,
And vow'd they were the only cauſe:
Why to the tune of his diſaſter,
The Waves did dance, while Winds did bluſter.
Yet on my Back I bare *Anchiſes*,
My Father, or the World a ly ſayes,
And ſav'd him from the cruel *Greeks*,
That elſe had fry'd him all in Steaks;
reaſonable requeſt. Now O ye Gods, I pray ye put,
To the Gooſe Giblets the Hare's Foot;
And tell me why, why *pious* I,
Muſt thus by you forſaken dy.
Streight, *Palinure* he cry'd, So, ho,
What ſhall we weather't out or no?
Pox weather it, quoth he again,
I think the Devil is in the Main,
I never kew ſuch huffing tear-ſmocks,
Heres fluſter bluſter with a Horſ-pox.

By all the Gods both old and young,
A little more will make me Dung.
Therefore lest we be forc'd ith' cold:
To drink more than our skins will hold;
Ther's but one way, and that I'le tell ye,
Not far behind us lies *Si—cilly.*
Where we shall go in *Satans* name,
Turning our prows from whence we came.
There lives *Aceſtes* now turn'd Farmer
Would we were in his Chimney-Corner?
Rather than here to drop by handfuls
As if were the Devils windfalls.
This when *Æneas* did perceive,
He wip'd his Cheeks with Doublet sleeve.
For Handkerchief he had not any.
Then quo he had I Bancks of money,
Thou should'st have them and eke my daughter
For thou hast given me cause of laughter.
Troth *Palinure* th' hast hit the nail,
Upon the head and not the tail.

Our Souls why should we hazard there,
Where scarce our bodies dare appear?
I come not here to fight the Winds,
Or rather Devils in their kinds,
Or be at mercy of the Seas,
The mark of all their injuries.
But *Sicily's* a place by *Jove*,
That above all the World I love.
Were I to choose through all the Ball,
I'de have it sooner than *White-Hall.*
Thou never couldst have nam'd one more,
Unless it be the *Promis'd Shore.*
There lies my Father old *Anchises*,
Secure from *Jun's* damn'd devices.
Thether lets hasten night and day.
You know wee're nere out of our way.
Having thus made a learned speech,
Which made the *Trojanes* ears to itch;
They made the ships ring with the noise,
Of hey! ——for *Sicily*, brave boyes.

And

And by and by they ſaw the Iſle;
Which made 'em laugh out right, not ſmile.
Alceſtes was a man well born,
And yet he thought it then no ſcorne,
To be about a work moſt mean;
For he was building up again,
A Chimney, which the ſtorm had thrown,
From top to bottom headlong down.
When on a ſuddain he eſpy'd,
A troop of ſtrangers by Sea ſide.
Bleſs me what's yonder, ſtraight quo He,
Come they to eat up mine, or me?
But when as they approached nigh,
He ſaw their Arms and Colours fly,
Their grave grand *Paw*, *Caps of a* ſize,
And eke their Beards cut *Trojan* wiſe.
Then void of fear, and paſt all doubting,
He fell a hollowing and a ſhowting.
They came not now, he ſaw, to fight,
All Towns-born Children, by this Light.

Servius ſaies ſmelt it which moſt lik by reaſ was ſue dark ni

With

With that he leapt from off the Tiles,
As ſome men ſay, at leaſt two miles.
They were no ſooner met, but hey!
Happy was he that could come nigh.
And though his eyes each one did ſee,
good to Art thou, and thou alive, quoth he?
rtain. Good faith my friends, twas boldly done,
For all of you to viſite one.
How could you think that I had roome
To entertain a *Poſſe Com:*
But tis no matter, here ye are,
Mycene now ſhall know I'me Major,
I'me glad y'are come within my yeare,
Though but a Thatcher, I wont ſpare.
He had no Gown lin'd through with Fur,
Yet ſomething like it, I aſſure;
A Bears skin lapt about his Groines,
As it was ſtead from the Bears loins.
Where fore-feet were, he put his Arms,
Where thoſe behind, his leggs he warms.

Yet

Yet this ſame rugged juſticore,
They from his neck had almoſt tore.
Toward his nape, Love was ſo briſk,
Twas rumpled like a Ladies Whisk.
So much the worſe becauſe that then,
Muff boxes were not us'd by men.
His Arms were ſore, his joynts diſplac'd,
So ſtrong they ſhook, ſo hard embrac'd:
At length in pitty to his wriſts,
Enough quoth he, Enough your fiſts.
Leſs Ceremony, good my friends,
Too much of it to Treaſon tends.
Then every one to his content,
Sheath'd up his ſeveral Complement.
Which being done he march'd before'em
To's Mannor Houſe, in great Decorum.
Twas made of Lome, but little Brick,
Where without much of Rhetorick,
He bad'em welcome to his Hall
His Houſe-keeper was out of call,

He call'd her *Bab:* but ſhe came not:
And which was worſe, the keys had got.
But twas all one, bring them but where
Let them alone to break and tear.
There was no need to cry Sa-Sa,
For manners then there was no Law.
They ſack't his Buttry in a moment
And on his drink ner'e ſtood to comment.
None were ſo nice to call for Glaſſes,
A Hatt for *March-Beer* far ſurpaſſes.
Now having while there laſted Meat,
Like Fiſhes drank, like Horſes eat,
They call'd no Chaplains to ſay Grace,
But ſtreight look out for ſleeping place.
Some ſtrew'd themſelves upon the Ruſhes,
Some under Trees, ſome under Buſhes:
Do'nt talk to them of your Serenes,
There's nere a one knows what it means.
Æneas having got a nap,
By break of daylight gets him up:

And being reſolved what to ſay,
He with a Drum, beats *Reveillez*.
The *Trojans* wake, and ere they piſs,
They Flock in heaps, and cry what's this?
Now when the Drummer by his Drumming
Had got them all together humming,
He had his will; ſilence quo he,
And ſo gets up into a Tree.
Where, as my learned Author ſayes,
He ſpoke theſe words, or words like theſe.
Faithful companions, whom by *Jove*,
I better than my Kidnies love;
Who from conſumed *Pergamus*,
In Shirts and Drawers ſcap'd with us,
To travel over Dales and Hills,
Unhappy ſharers of my Ills.
Tis now a year ago, not three,
The Devil take the year for me,
Since Death, and he'l nere leave his tricks,
My Daddy ſlew, the beſt of Greeks.

This

This day by me ſo much deplor'd,
This day by me ſo much ador'd.
Deſerves to be the top 'oth 'year,
In *Africk*, *Europe* and elſe where.
Greater than Engliſh day, St. *Georges*,
Or day when *Liv*'ry-Gowns fill Barges;
Greater than ere St. *Marks* at *Venice* is,
Or Quarter day, or French St. *Denis*'s.
And therefore now I hold it fit,
Since here we are ſo happy met,
So near the place where thoſe bones ly,
Of three times ſacred memorie;
Thoſe bones to viſit and to make,
A day perpetual for their ſake,
When bells ſhall ring o'th'Engliſh faſhion,
As at Queen *Beſſes* Coronation.
On every veſſel ſhall *Aceſtes*,
Who of our kindred now the beſt is,
The Father of a Calf beſtow,
Or two perhaps for well you know,

He's

He's free as Harlot of his fleſh.
To morrow then, nor am I raſh,
I do intend with pomp and ſtate,
A mighty feaſt to celebrate;
And that you may not think it ſmall,
No ſuch was e're at *Grocers* Hall.
All our own Gods we will invite,
And if our Goſſip can give light.
Of any more, wee'l have 'em all:
When ſaw ye Gods, pray, at *Guildhal*?
Then come not there with ſnotty noſes,
But with ſilk ſtockins, ſhoes and roſes;
Nor let your women there appear
With dirty ſmock-ſleeves, foul head-geare,
With Cover-ſlut from Neck to Toe,
As Maids to morning Lectures go.
But let 'em come into the place,
With *Farandine* Gowns, and pointed Lace.
With Golden ſhoes, and Forehead Curles,
As they were Daughters all of Earls.

But

But above all I charge you this,
That of clean smocks they do not miss.
If after nine-days it be fair,
No Rain descending from the Ayr,
To spoyl those Clothes I'de have you wear.
Then will I please you several days,
With Rope-dancing and Poppet plays:
With Gyants and *Dutch*-women tall,
Strange Fishes, and the Devil and all.
With Fools excelling *Puncinello*,
Or *Andrew* eke that merry fellow.
I'le have a Sea-fight, but in jest,
And give rewards to them do best.
Upon the place there shall not lack
Teirces of Claret, Buts of Sack,
With heads knockt out to my great praise,
Where ye shall drink a thousand ways.
There shall be Glees, and Catches store,
Chiefly, the *Fair Lavinian Shoar.*
I'le have a Pipe too in my hand,

And

And smoak and drink while I can stand:
I'le neither spare my Purse nor brains,
The mirth of that day to advance.
If this you like then shout my Boys.
With that they shout with dismal noise.
Have you not heard in Winter weather
Ten thousand Turnep-men together;
Tearing their throats to let you know
The vertue of Long Turnep Ho!
So did the *Trojans* rend the sky,
Though wherefore they knew not, nor why.
Now when *Æneas* and the Rout,
Had shouted out their monstrous shout:
He would have presently spoke on,
But could not, for his breath was gon.
Streight having clear'd his throat from flegm,
With a stout Hauk, and Pulpit Hem,
To shew his witt was nothing feeble,
He broke'm many a pretty Quibble,
And coax'd'm up with many a wheedle.

Come faithful friends let's not be Idle.
Fetch from the Woods, tis no diſhonour,
In ſpight of him that owes the Mannor,
Fetch Myrtle home to crown the brows
Of all the Chiefs, while they carouſe
Deep Healths to my deceaſed Father;
Tis not a Theft, but vertue rather;
For Myrtles are my Mothers Trees,
And you may take'm as her fees.
The *Trojans* thus led by the noſe,
Went all like fools to gather Boughs.
They went and being come again,
Æneas had a Crown or twain.
One he put on, and then ſeem'd dreſt
Like ſteward of a City feaſt.
So was *Alceſtes* likewiſe Crown'd,
And eke *Elymus* far renown'd;
Aged in years but young in Crafts,
For he play'd well at Cheſs, and Draughts.
Could cure the Ring-bone in a Horſe,

The

The Malanders, the Vives, and Farce.
With Birdlime likewise made of Turds,
Could *Felfares* catch and other Birds.
And had besides, let no man grudg it,
A hundred knacks more in his Budget.
Thus Crown'd also was young *Ascane*,
Clad *Ala mode de la Campagne*.
For he had on a Martial Mantle,
Which in *Carthage* by inch of Candle,
His Mother for a trifle bought:
It was a Scarlet Peticoate,
Which she had cut into that shape,
To please the Fathers darling Ape.
All the young fops that this did see,
Got Garlands too of any Tree.
And was it not a sight most good,
For to behold a walking Wood?
Æneas the Incomparable,
March'd at the head of all the Rabble.
With pace and gesture so Majestick,

More like a *Dancer* than a Ruſtick:
Old Man nor Child did never know,
A ſight more like my Lord Majors ſhow.
Or if the Colour had not alter'd,
(But for a word my Rhyme had falter'd)
When the Red-feather-men are ſeen,
To march to the *Artill'ry* Green.
Now being come unto the Tomb,
The poor man ſeem'd with grief ore'come.
He bid'm fetch a Pint of Claret,
A Meſſenger was ſtreight ſent for it,
When't came, he would not one drop drink,
(A thing you'l ſay is hard to think)
But threw it all on the Sepulchre,
Where lay the bones of Father skulker;
A bowl of Milk he powr'd likewiſe,
But what that meant I can't deviſe.
All this he ſtrewd with herbs and flowers,
Then dropping tears like pibble ſhowers.
Bones of my Father *bonas Nockes*,

That

That now ly free from all Reproaches,
While I by my misfortunes here,
Am hunted dry-foot like a Deere;
I like a *Tartar* rove about,
Tis well I have not got the Gout;
Oh had ye liv'd but one year longer,
And fate then you had not been stronger;
We might have lodg'd ye peradventure,
In promis'd *Italy*s fair Center.
Where if a Soldier may be bold,
To speak what he has oft been told;
Though after many a bloody nose,
Our offspring having beat their Foes,
Spite of their teeths, by Sea and Land,
Shall all the Universe Command.
But Heav'n it seems was never minded,
Things should fall out as I intended.
His pious humor more did mean,
But for a chance that spoyl'd the Scene.
For in the midst of his devotion,

A Serpent with his crawling motion
Juſt by his Holineſs appear'd,
More horrid than a Switzers beard.
Æneas with the ſight perplext,
Was quickly put beſide his Text.
This Serpent was in length ten Ells,
And cover'd all with yellow ſcales;
That was one colour, but too true,
There were both grey, and green, and blew
An ugly face he had to blinck on,
For'a lookt as Satan lookt or'e *Lincoln*.
His ſerpents gate, and folding tayl,
Their ſtouteſt hearts did quell and quail.
And ſurely all had not been clean,
But that a thing did intervene.
For by and by he plainly ſhew'd,
He came not for their harm or good.
He therefore gave a gratious ſmile,
On the poor *Trojans*, dead ere while.
Æneas who was allwayes free,

In

In Curteſie for Curteſie,
Seeing him ſmile, reviv'd at heart,
Reſolv'd to play the Foxes part,
And kindly treate th'unbidden gueſt,
More like a Chriſtian than a *Beaſt*.
So when he ſaw the Serpent grin,
He like a Courtier ſmiles agen.
But you muſt know that the Ser —pent,
That came not there to complement.
Took little notice of his cringes,
But ſmartly to the Tomb he ſwinges,
To take his ſhare of the oblations,
Which he lickt up without Orations.
Returning gravely from the Tomb,
The people freely gave him Room.
For though his cloaths were very brave,
He needed none to cry, beare leave.
Now here he made a little pauſe,
As *Lipſius* thinks, to pick his jawes.
And having ſhewn his back ſo fine,

The which like *China* ſilk did ſhine.
Away he ſlipt, but Heav'n knowes how,
The French man ſaies 'twas through a *Trou*,
*Angl*ice hole. But Peſcods take him,
Virgil that while he was a making,
Might'a made what ſo er'e he liſt,
Mouſe-hole, or pin-hole, hole by Twiſt,
Or any other hole; yet left
Us quite ith' lurch; it was a cleft
I ſay; let him deny't that dares,
Do you Sir? Serpent, take his Ears.
Well being gon, they ſtrove to know
What it ſhould be that plagu'd'm ſo.
Æneas thought 'twas by's agility
In licking plates with ſuch docility,
The ſoul of a *Valet du Chamber*,
Whoſe name I cannot well remember,
Which once his Father had,——
But others with a better face,
That was the Numen of the place.

At length they cryd with much debate,
Twas something but they knew not what.
Howe're thus warn'd, *Æneas* gave
New honours to his Fathers Grave.
He don'd a Countenance most sad;
I mean religious, and not mad;
He that will bring new things to pass,
Must able be to change his face,
Pretend occasions for his fears;
If he can't weep, must buy his tears.
Of six fat Sheep he cut the throats,
And five fat Pigs as plump as Goats:
And six fat Heifers to his wishes:
The blood he powred out in dishes:
The Wine from pales he spilt like whey;
Then prostrate on the Tomb he lay
(Had now the Serpent come to sup,
And eat the brave *Æneas* up.
Marry! I hope 'twas ne're intended,
For then the story had been ended)
And as he lay like a great Calf,

Invoak'd

Invoak'd his Fathers better half:
But whatſoe'r he ſaid, or cry'd,
Nor Soul nor *Father* *Tit* —— reply'd.
The Devil a *Tit*——he ſaid, I ſay,
But there like *Stock*-Fiſh, dead he lay.
At his own Charge *Æneas* could
Not make this ſacrifice ſo good;
His Fellow *Trojans* therefore bore
The great expence, ſome leſs, ſome more.
Though not by Subſidy nor Pole,
But by a free and willing Dole.
When this was done, they fell to worke,
Debauching more than *Jew* or *Turk*.
From right to left the Healths went round,
They roard and ſung, and tore the ground.
Æneas with his brave Adventures
Top'd it ſo long, he made Indentures.
This was apparent after Supper
By a damn'd fall upon his Crupper;
And that he got by cutting Capers.

That is, he did not ſpeak ſo much as half a word

By which perſwaded and the Vapours
That had ſo over-pois'd his head,
He took a light, and reel'd to bed.
Now *Phœbus* gave a new Carere,
And bright *Aurora* doth appear;
It was no Morn fair in the Cradle,
And by and by fowl in the ſaddle;
Yet twas a Morn, to tell you truth,
Born with a Proverb in her Mouth.
For Proverb tells ye, Morning Grey
Is always Mother of fair day.
But above all, 'twas the ninth Morn,
The *Monſieur* then, you know, had ſworn
To ſhew the people many a ſight
The women they ſate up all night,
To waſh their necks and heads to Kemm,
And make their Children fine as them.
The maids that ſlept with naked Tayle,
Dreamt all of Cakes, and bottle Ale.
Not only *Trojans*, but *Sicilians*

Both

Both City dames and *Croyden*-Gillians,
For ten mile round, were alſo fine
At place prepar'd, ere clock ſtrook nine.
Young men and maids, Old men and babes,
Lady's in Coaches, durty drabs,
In wooden-heel ſhoos, and ſhooſtrings blew,
With headlong haſt came all to view
The fare renowned *Trojan* blades;
And eke their ſolemn Maſquerades,
Æneas brought the prizes forth,
Which were to be rewards of worth:
A very noble Porridg-Pot,
Two doublets very finely wrought
The one half, ſilk, the other Canvas,
Two Flagellets, a Treble, and baſe:
An Engin, which, if I don't err,
Great Artiſts call a Nut-Cracker:
Trenchers two dozen, I don't dally,
The which *Æneas* in a Sally,
Plunder'd from Tent of *Agamemno*^{n},

There

There was no reason to contemn'um
Though they were brown, yet they were good
And purchaz'd with the price of blood.
One of old *Priams* greasie Hats.
An instrument to murder Cats.
The work of famous *Aristander*,
Mathematician and Commander;
Who fifty ways could Rats destroy
And wrot thereof a Book in *Troy*.
A Peuter Bowl enamel'd rare;
Two Slippers, two, and not a pair;
For one was mighty *Hectors* own,
The other *Jason* wore alone;
The one was blew, the other green,
Embroider'd both with Gold I ween.
A Gittern whereon *Helen* playd,
When very young, I mean, a maid.
With many other Rarities
To please the most ambitious eyes;
The which *Æneas* liberal

He tha
stinguis
well te
ches w

Ex-

Expos'd to view upon a Stall.
Æneas firſt beat up his Drum;
Then taking Trumpet with his || Thumb,
He ſounds a Levet *Tan, tan, ta, ra*:
He blew with ſuch a Si ſa ra ra,
Until he got the Piles behind:
Behold the mighty force of Wind!
And then for ſilence making ſign,
With Eloquence the moſt divine;
Quo he, let us begin by Sea,
And with our Ships commence the Play.
The Vanquiſher that ſhall command
Shall be rewarded out of hand,
With ſuch a prize, as he ſhall ſay,
And for a truth affirm it may,
When he came out of Mothers placket,
That he was wrapt in Mothers ſmicket.
Meneſtheus, and there hangs a tale,
Choſe the good Ship, yclepd the *Whale*,
Who when he came to *Italy*,

ere the umb is en for ble hand.

Firſt

First founded *Memmion Progeny.*
To whose geeat deeds, if y' are not privy,
In English read, or Latine, *Livy.*
Gias a young man well descended;
The next place strove to be commended.
For he was strong and very Chuffish,
And a great diver was for Craw-fish.
Sergestus was the third brave blade,
Who, when he came to *Rome*, first made
The house of *Sergius* far renown'd:
Thence *Galba* came, an Emperor crown'd.
Now this *Sergestus* shav'd his head:
For why? because his hair was red.
But for the Ship he ruled o're,
'Twas call'd, they say, the good *Centore.*
He playd all Games at dice all weathers:
And Fowl devoured in their feathers,
For knowledge was not then prepar'd
To turn-pike up their skins with Lard.
Cloantus was the next brave Lad,

In Drawers madeof Canvas clad.
His good Ship was the *Scylla* nam'd
Himſelf for little elſe was fam'd.
Only from him and from his Dame,
They ſay, Seignor *Cluentus* came.
Theſe only were the Gallant Boyes
That ſtrove to win *Æneas* toyes.
Not far ith' Sea there ſtood a Rock,
Your brains out ſooner you might knock,
Then move it, yet becauſe it ſtood
So near the Shoare, they held it good
To make this Rock Contenders mark,
He that firſt touch't it was a ſpark.
Æneas full of wit and wile,
Thought good to throw up croſs or pile,
T'avoid contention and more ſtrife
Then he intended; to be brief,
The Galleys having took their place,
The brave Commanders, each with face
Like Lyons bold ſtood on the Poop,

In

In one hand Brandy, t'other Rope.
Quo they unto their Gally Slaves,
As every one himself behaves,
Here's this or this, take which you please,
But this I think's most for your ease;
I can assure you 'tis for mine.
Then leaving Rope, take Brandy wine.
That is, like Devils row, not men;
So I and you shall honour gain.
With that a generous heat invaded
Their braunie Arms with Oyl bedaubed,
And if their hearts went pit a pat,
Twas only fearing they knew what.
With speeches thus and courage spur'd,
They wanted nothing but the word.
The signal given, to't they go,
With Head above and Tayl below:
All at one time they make a start,
Tha seen it would have joy'd your heart.
I'th name of ill luck see the slaves,
How they do cut and slash the waves;

How they do ſweat! the more fools they;
They need no Uſhers to make way.
In vain the Ocean yells and roars;
You'd think'm rather Wings than Oars.
And for the Ships——not many words,
You'd ſwear they were no Ships, but birds.
Have you er'e ſeen on *Wilton* Plain,
Of gallant Courſers three or twain;
How nimbly forward each one pricks,
While their thin ſides the Rider licks?
So through the Sea the ſtraining Galleys
Are forc'd for their Commanders follies.
See how the oyl of heated brows,
Drops from their Foreheads on their Toes,
Streight one the order breaks, and then,
What ſay's the man commands the men?
You may be ſure he ſays no prayers;
But to be ſure, devoutly ſwears;
Row, row ye Rogues, row for your lives
You'l pleaſe the Gods, and pleaſe your Wives.

Row

Row Devils, d'ont ye proverbs know?
What Devil drives, that needs must go.
The pleas'd spectators they behold,
And each one wishes, as he would
Have the cause to go. Here prayeth one
For friend, there mother for her son.
With various clamours, various cries
They all be-din th'amazed skies.
Fair *Eccho* hearing such a clamor,
Resolv'd to make one, as became her,
Replying to the word Courage,
Courage sometimes, and sometimes rage.
Gyas so well his business ply'd,
That he was got a spet and stride
Before the rest: for understand ye,
H'had been no niggard of his Brandy.
Their heads were lighter by a Tun,
Which made the Ship the faster run.
Cloantus follow'd close a Stern,
While t'other nails doth bite, and girn.

His heel alas was heavier much
A damn'd fly-bottom made by Dutch.
The *Whale* and Centaure jig by joul,
Swam very friendly to the Goal.
But now these friendly Enemies,
Men otherwise discreet and wise;
Seeing themselves approach the place
That gave them honour or disgrace;
Now every one looks on his brother
As if they could have eat each other.
Have you ere seen upon the tiles,
When Moon on tops of Houses smiles,
Two great boar-cats, with sparkling eyes,
Look each on other, while the prize,
Grey Maulkin, couches in their sight,
So *Trojans* now brim full of spite
Wish that the ships and men also
Might rather to the Devil go.
Or to the bottom of the Sea,
Than that his ship should lose the day.

Gyas who thought his Pilot steer'd,
Too Roomie, and some by-blow fear'd,
Roard like a Lyon; ye damn'd dog,
Why so far off, keep close ye Rogue,
Why *Menetus*? son of a whore,
I say keep closer to the shore.
But *Menetus* was deaf as block.
For his experience feard a Rock.
Which if the ship it once should justle,
Yfaith Sir *Guyas* might go whustle.
Then *Guyas* in a fury falls,
And yaul's and bauls, and calls and yauls.
Hei—Dotard, Pilot mine A——
Hir'd by my foes, and that is worse
My youth of honour to deprive.
Close; or the Devil fetch thee alive.
Soul of a dog keep close a shore.
But *Menetus* would nere the more.
Mean-while *Cloantus* near at hand,
Slides betwixt *Guyas* and the Land.

Where *Menetus* had left the Shore,
O Heav'ns! how *Gyas* then did roar.
His choler boyl'd up like a Kettel,
And in the heat of all his mettle,
To *Menetus* he dings amain:
He did not ſtand with ſerious brain
T'adviſe if raſhneſs were a fault;
But in a moment, quick as thought,
Griping his neck, as Poult'rers gripe,
The necks of Turkies, Hens, or Snipe,
He plung'd him headlong in the Sea,
Sans complement or other plea.
Go there, quo he, confounded ſop,
Fit but to make the Devil a ſop.
And now to fetch *Cloantus* up,
He takes the Helm in his own clutches,
Quo he, Hell take the ſlave that grutches
To melt his greaſe or break his back,
Rather than let my Honour crack.
By this poor *Menetus* that ſwum

Not

Not like a stone, but like a Drum,
Had made a shift, a good one too,
To scramble though without a Shoo,
Up to the top of a small Cliff.
No other Chamber, to his grief,
He then could have to dry his hair;
Each one of which might well compare
To the best River in the Isle.
His hary Arms he squeez'd er'e while,
And fil'd at every stroak three pails.
He frown'd and scowld, and bit his nails.
The people that beheld his fall
Yet sorry did not seem at all,
Could not but laugh when they lookt up,
And saw him on the peeked top
Perch'd like an Ape upon his breech.
They could not hear his raving speech;
But judg'd him angry by his face,
And twisting beard at his disgrace.
By this advantage those behind

That neither with their Oars nor wind
Could hope before, now haul and tear,
Thinking to put in for a ſhare.
Sergeſtus therefore ſtraining hard,
Meneſtheus leaves i'the rear gard,
Which he diſdaining cries outwrite
Ye curſed ſlaves, you row, you ſhite.
You work as if your Arms were broke,
Such ſcoundrel dogs the Devil choak.
What Hoſpital have I diſpeopl'd,
For ſuch a crew ſo damn'dly crippl'd.
What Goale broke looſe to vex my brains,
With fetter'd Arms and Feet in Chains?
There go again damn'd rotten fellows,
Good for juſt nothing but the Gallowes.
Well *Neptune* hadſt thou been ſo kind,
T'aſſiſt me with one puff of wind,
Thou ſhouldſt have known, deny't who can,
Thou hadſt oblig'd a Gentleman.
But ſince your worſhip plainly ſhews,

The

The little love to me it owes;
And that I muſt be yet beholding
To theſe weak ſlaves, I'le leave off ſco'ding.
Row on my hearts, men of renown,
Redeem your honour and my own.
This picquant ſpeech ſo prickt their ſouls,
That they renew their ſtrength in ſhoals.
The truants dry before, grew wet;
All on a ſuddain bath'd in ſweat.
Sergeſtus fearing they would rout him,
With doub'e fury layes about him.
But wo for him in time of need,
The more the haſt, the worſe the ſpeed.
For ill adviſed of a rock,
The ſhip with ſuch a wannion ſtrook;
Raſh went the Keel, crack went the prow:
Some twenty Oars brake at one blow.
Quo one, thrown off as he was rowing,
I'th Devils name where am I going?
Two hundred men were flung about,

As,

As, Man had been but a diſh-clout,
Like chairs and ſtools in Tavern fray,
Here one and there another lay.
Sergeſtus, more ith' ſuds than Sea,
Miſfortune would not yet obey.
But made'm go to work again;
And fiſh the pieces out o'th' Main.
Chear up my boys, there's life in Muſtle
With that they kept a heavy buſtle;
And preſently they got her off.
They row and heave, and blow and puff.
Sergeſtus daunc'd a Sarraband
To ſee his men obey command.
Now you muſt know that in the nick
Of this miſchance, *Meneſtheus* quick-
Ly had the Centaur over-run.
And ſeeing now his buſineſs done
Oh! are ye there, quo he, ſtick faſt,
Till I come back; I'me now in haſt;
Which made *Sergeſtus* backward pray

For

For the misfortune of the day.
While poor *Sergestus* thus imbroil'd,
Against the worst of evils toil'd,
Menestheus heads young *Gyas* prow
Quo he, hei—*Gyas*— what chere ho!
Where's *Menetus*? gon to *Peg Trantum*?
Such pocky Pilots who can want'm?
Gyas made no reply for grief;
But there he stood just like *Lots* Wife.
His Ship like Horse without a bridle
Made a great bustle, yet was idle.
Cloantus straight he overtook:
Cloantus that could hardly brook;
Against his men he disimbogues
A hundred Villains, Thousand Rogues.
But 'twas in vain to keep a pudder,
When men could hardly hold the Rudder.
Thus from hard fortune Heav'n protect us!
Cloantus *victor* now *est victus*.
Menestheus now with wind and tide

And

And acclamations on his side,
Went on without competitor.
'Tis good you see sometimes therefore,
To have the favour of a Whore.
Cloantus seeing this abuse,
Although what Seamen seldome use
Yet in a case so necessary,
From Custome yet resolves to vary.
And though as mad as are March Hares,
Compos'd his mind to say his Prayers.
They say he made this brief Oration,
Or rather sweet ejaculation.
Ye Gods, that lodged in the Seas,
Oft succour Vessels in distress,
When overcharged with Hogsheads,
And taking Rocks for feather-beds,
They oft to him become a prey,
That owes the Mannor of the Sea.
And likewise, that which never fails,
You set your *Arses* gainst the tayls.

Of Galleys, when they want a wind,
And blow'em forward with ——behind;
If by your aid my vessel slow
Shall win the prize, I make this vow;
An Ox shall be the Recompence,
Of your Divine omnipotence;
And then to please your appetite,
That in Ragou's take much delight,
The body shall be stuft with parsly;
The Entrails spiced, and pepper'd fiercely.
And for to treat you as my Minions,
I do assure you of Champignons:
With this a present of *Greek*-wine,
To tope your noses most divine.
And as for Fish, ye then shall surfeit
On Salmon, Cods-head, Carp and Turbet.
This vow attested with Cud—nowns,
Made water in their mouths eft-soons.
Immediately the Sea-Gods all,
And Goddesses both great and small,

To

To help *Cloantus* are agreed,
In hopes ſo well to drink and feed.
So by main ſtrength they gave a ſhove,
Or whether they the ſhip did move
Some other way, that makes no matter
But ſure I am he got the better;
Leaving *Meneſtheus* and the reſt
To follow him as they could beſt.
Cloantus now in Port ſo ſafe,
For Joy it made *Æneas* laugh.
And after that he made a ſpeech
Which did the Company bewitch.
And by a Herauld did proclaim
The worſhipful *Cloanthus* fame.
And then with Lawrel crown'd his head
In token he ſo well had ſped.
Then from his pocket forth he drew
A Leathern pouch, both full and new;
And gave the Mariners, I think,
Some four Deneers a peice, to drink.

And farther for their present Chear,
He set a broach three tunns of beer.
A Brigandine most gay and rich
Cloanth to take he did beseech,
Who though he then for joy did cry,
To take the same did not deny.
It was a very neat designe,
For it was full of Pictures fine.
By graver wrought there might you read,
The History of *Ganimed.*
Fair *Ganimed* great *Joves Bordachio*,
Whose Chin he prickt with his Mustachio.
There the young squire you might behold
With hunting Javelin on his should——
Er, and you'd think he did pursue
A Hart that fled, but neither true.
Just in the nick an *Eagle* came,
'Twas wild on Earth but in Heav'n tame;
Who being sent for his dear sake
Takes perfect hold with Claws and beak

And

And ſtreight according to the plot,
Away he carries little *Trott*.
In vain his play-fellowes purſue
The mighty bird, that ſwiftly flew.
There you may ſee his Greyhound *Placket*;
Seeming to keep a fearful Racket,
Striving to leap into the Air:
What noiſes he made ye cannot hear.
And well it was 'twas but a picture,
His howling elſe, as I conjecture,
Cloantus might have made repent,
Th'acceptance of his Ornament.
The Painter yet did well t'expreſs
The Greyhounds love and tenderneſs.
And *Virgil* too did well to ſhew,
That he what painting meant did know.
A Cuiras ſhap'd in Clouds of Gold,
Meneſtheus had to have and hold
To him and to his heirs for ever,
They ſay a fairer was ſeen never.

It

It was the Cuiras of a Cap——
Tain, that long since had the mishap
(Mishap indeed) for to be kill'd,
By great *Æneas* in the field.
As fine as 'twas, it seems, the same
Sav'd neither Masters life, nor fame.
This Captain was *Demoleon* hight,
Now being slain bid him good night.
The Cuiras it was all of Gold,
For twas so heavy that to hold
It in their *Arms*, nor *Sagaris*
Nor *Phegeus* could endure I wiss.
You'd have me tell you, who they be,
No by my truth, Ime not so free.
Two brazen Kettles he gave more,
Two gondola's without an Oar;
Of Latten made, and worth each one,
I guess, about a duccatoon.
As for who 'twas these guifts deserv'd,
Virgil is very much reserv'd.

And ſparingly divides the ſtore,
To *Cloanth*, only, and one more.
Our knick-knacks were more freely giv'n,
But how they'l get'm, that knowes Heaven:
Now they that were contented well,
Were well content by the ſequel.
Which made them on the ſands to walk,
For Liberty to chat and talk.
As they were making their preambles
Of their atchievments and their gambols,
Repeating one thing ten times over;
Behold! what is it they diſcover.
Even *Sergeſtus* all forlorn;
With broken Oars, and veſſel torn,
Making god-wot, a weak endeavour
The Shoar in ſafety to recover.
He lookt like one quite broke at *ſpeirings*
After ſome twenty thouſand jeerings.
For you muſt know he took't in ſnuff
That any Rock ſhould him out-huff.

But

But in his passion came too nigh him,
For Rock would not be hector'd by him,
Which brought him unto weeping Cross;
More for the shame than for the loss.
Have you a Serpent ever seen,
With skin so pompous, blew and green,
Taking his pastime on the Road,
When on a suddain the swift load
Of hackney-Coach his chine doth crack,
Tearing his kidneys from his back.
There moves the Snake brisk at the head,
But by the tayl ill followed,
So now the ship, in some part whole,
In some parts full as washing bowl,
And pinion'd quite for want of wings,
Of Oars *I* mean, or such like things,
Instead of swimming, briskly row'd,
Moves like a Tortoise, only towd,
At length with help of little wind,
(Thanks to the little gale so kind)

And Canvas faile, (live ever they,
That Canvas firſt did bring in play)
With much ado ſhe made the Port:
Sergeſtus, looked *ala mort*.
How'ere *Æneas*, good man he,
Of poor *Sergeſtus* took Pi-tee.
Tis thought there were ſome ſhavers there,
Wiſht rather his, than their own ſhare.
Pox on't, quo one, would I had loſt,
I had ſav'd my bones and yet got moſt.
For for to comfort up his heart,
And waſh his tayl all mire and durt,
Æneas gave him dainty maid;
I mean a Nurſe, whatere I ſayd,
With too ſmall Children at her breſt;
So ſhe could be no maid, 'tis gueſt.
This woman was Nurſe *Pholoe* hight
She could both read, and pothooks wright,
Her noſtrel was ſo wide and plain,
That you might almoſt ſee her brain,

Though

Though *Cretan* born, yet was she free,
From lying or from thievery.
Her face was something black and fat,
And eke her Armholes smelt somewhat.
She playd upon the Virginals;
With Castanets could dance at balls;
She could preserve, and also starch;
And so to other things we march.
Æneas quitting the sea-shore
Betakes him to a feild; wherefore?
Not so fast *Tom*; for you must know,
The field was large and wild also.
And *Virgil* says not to spoyl meeter,
'Twas like a Cirque or Amphitheter.
There sitting on a peice of Timber,
As far as I can well remember,
Æneas that renouned widgeon
These words did speak in language Phrygian.
My loving friends and dear assistants
Twixt you and I there is no distance

I come not here with tales of tubs,
And therefore from your Nolberjobs
Lend me your leathern Lugs I pray,
And liſten well to what I ſay.
If any of you here will run,
You may, if not, let it alone.
Better occaſion, friends, believe it ye,
No man can have to ſhew activity.
Better employment to your mind,
Where can your mighty Lordſhips find,
Then to beſtir your Lordly leggs
In running after Mumblede pegs?
Sa, Sa, then come, make haſt and ſtrip;
You know that time doth nimbly skip.
As for your doublets, I ſhall watch'em:
Hands nimbler than your heels muſt catch'em:
And he that has a nimble thigh,
Let him here ſhew it by and by.
For he that with his active pumps,
Can put his enemies to his trumps,

Or

Or fairly winn the first assault,
The Cat hath still left in the mault
Something which I as my great trust is
Shall give to all with equal justice.
This faithful promise being made,
Their hairy bosoms soon displaid.
The *Trojans* eke and mixt *Sicilians*
That came to see were many millions,
Or thousands, for what should I ly for?
I fear I have err'd above a Cipher.
But they that Poets read you know
Will never stand for a round O:
But if they should, 'tis hard in my sence,
To be debarr'd Poetick Licence.
Which Poets claim as more emphatick,
Than Conscience free to a Phanatick.
Euryalus, a youth most proper
Shews all to Ladies but his Crupper;
For he had nothing on but's drawers
The first of *Trojan* clapper-clawers.

My Maſter *Niſus* next appears,
He had leſs ſhame, but far more years.
For he had nothing but his ſhirt,
Under his twiſt with knot begirt.
His love was great t'*Euryalus*,
A pious love, and not for *buſs*.
Diores next ſprung from the Race
Of Royal *Priam*, ſhews his face,
With *Helymus* and *Panopes*
Hoy day,——and who I pray are theſe?
Why theſe were two rich Farmers ſons,
Aceſtes great Companions.
In fair, they hunted, in foul weather,
They drank and play'd and whor'd together.
Patron were next and *Salius*
The one a bold *Arcadian* was,
The other an *Acarnan* brisk,
To run, or cuff, or tumble whisk:
But which was one, or which was t'other,
Maro himſelf doth not diſcover.

Why

Why then d'ye think I'le tell ye more.
Than I my self was told before?
Yet this I'le say that *Maro* could not,
Or if he could, I'me sure he would not
From one was lineally descended
The *Croyden* Butcher so commended.
The other to make out th'intreague,
Forefather was of nimble *Teage*.
Of all the rest we say but little,
Since *Maro* spares to speak a tittle.
All being thus resolv'd to run,
Quo they, to great *Anchises* son,
With guts discharg'd and bladders empty,
Loe here our selves we do present thee.
Streight-way *Æneas* sitting boldly
On timber-log of which I told ye.
By kind assistance of his tongue,
Made 'em, they say, this short Harangue
He that of you shall run the best,
By my dead Father three times blest,

In no wiſe ſhall repent his bargain,
For hear what I propoſe ye for gain.
Two darts, both made of *Gnoſſian* craft,
Of Ebonie ſhall be the ſhaft;
Feather'd with Gold, which ſeems a Bull,
But that I ſpeak to men not dull.
A Partiſan of ſteel, but ſuch
An one, as you may make as rich,
As any City leading ſtaff,
If you'l be at expence enough.
To the three ſwifteſt in the courſe
I do deſign to give a horſe.
Though I confeſs, they have moſt need,
That ſloweſt are, of nimble ſteed:
But that's all one, I'me bound to praiſe ye,
And not give horſes to the lazie.
This horſe ſhall have Capariſons
Rich as the Queen oth'Amazons.
There boy's, there goes the hare away,
And I think worth the catching, ha!

His

His quiver eke, and eke his belt,
Cut from the brims of a broad felt,
Embroidered all with work of Gold.
Instead of shoulder knot, behold
A glittering Pearl, three times as big
As a large hen's or a duck egg.
He that cryes hey—for our town,
With olive branch him will I crown.
The third shall have a mortion made
At Argos, where it is their trade.
I will not say how finely don,
He's free to take, or let't alone.
The signal given by the sound
Of twisted trumpet, see the ground
All in a cloud, and such a high one
As wrapt *Æneas* like *Ixion*.
Some said that sweat of heel and toe
Would dust allay, but twas not so.
For why to stop each others paces
They kickt it in each others faces.

Niſus had got by much the ſtart,
And as he ran, he oft did fart;
Which much endammadg'd them behind,
Having two foes, the duſt and wind.
For by this means he got before,
Some two and twenty yards or more.
Niſus behind, but far behind
Ran *Salius*, like a nimble Hind,
After him ran *Euryalus*;
And cloſe at his heels *Helymus*:
Him *Diores* that was the laſt,
Seeing 'em all in ſo much haſt,
With malice now and rage ore'come,
Gave ſuch a kick upon his bum;
That through the pain of his Poſteriors,
He now gives way to his inferiors.
Niſus was juſt upon the mark,
But ſee how fate can prove a Turk!
For juſt ith'nick, he ſprain'd his toe,
There lay poor *Niſus* crying, oh——

He

He bow'd so rudely to his toes,
As made the blood spin from his nose.
So there he lay as I have told ye,
Swearing like a belfounder, boldly;
When furnace cracks, and metals runn,
As if the Devil were on Dun.
He saw the prize was not for him;
Which vext him more than did his linn.
Yet though he lost his hope and glory,
He had not lost the quick memory
Of his *Euryalus*, so dear;
For *Salias* now coming near,
He seiz'd so fiercely on his shoo,
That *Salias* comes headlong too.
Salias got up, as mad as Weesel,
Dings a good dust at *Nisus* muzzle;
Nisus holds fast, and which is worse,
Sets his cursd fangs in *Salias* Arse.
Nisus gripes hard, and rudely tears:
Salias curses, damms, and swears:

Nisus

Niſus is deaf, and nothing hears,
But keeps him there, ſpite of his ears.
Euryalus, thanks to his face,
Thus got the Goal, and won the race.
The rabble ſhout, and tear the Air,
Favouring *Euryalus* the fair.
They that beheld the real truth,
Niſus and *Salius*, Arſs and Mouth;
Cry'd out hey now for our Town!
Hold *Niſus*, hold, the Towns our own.
The ſecond man was *Helymus*;
And *Diores* the third, ſo cloſe
He trod upon his heels that day,
Men fear'd a quarrel by the way.
But as it ſeems, they were more wary:
They'd other fiſh to fry, then tarry.
Then *Salius* came with great complaints,
Swearing by all his Gods and Saints,
That they had rob'd him of his fat Ox
While plaguy *Niſus* ſeiz'd his buttocks.

Diores

Diores intercedes for him,
As one he thought had loſt a limb;
That ſince his luck was like his hurt,
He might have ſatisfaction for't.
Æneas ſcarce refraining laughter,
Yet as a courteous moderator,
Come, come, quo he, ceaſe difference,
Ye ſhall have all due recompence:
Therefore, quo he, as friends embrace,
And kiſs now in another place.
And ſo the injury was repayd,
With Morrion made like Lyons head;
The ears and eyes were all of gold
And eke the teeth, fine to behold.
So rich that *Salias* not deny'd,
But he was fully ſatisfy'd.
Then *Niſus* for to get comfort
Preſents himſelf all mire and dirt,
From head to foot a *Branford* quag,
About him never a clean rag:

Now you may well obſerve, quo he,
How my miſfortunes vanquiſh'd me;
And made me look ſo like a beaſt,
For being nimbler than the reſt.
Æneas could not chuſe but ſmile;
Grieve not, quo he, at Fortune vile;
For here is thy reward; with that
He gave him a moſt precious Hat,
Of damask silk, it was notorious.
For Feather and for work ſo curious.
By *Didimaon* wrought ſo neat;
Quoth *Niſus* then, by *Mahomet*
I'le weare thy hat both morn and noon-day,
On every Holiday and Sunday.
He lyes in's throat, that ſhall miſcall
Our Captain, that's ſo liberal.
The Race thus finiſh'd without ſquabling,
All anger laid aſide and brabling,
The Racers well content and merry;
My maſters Time for none will tarry;

So

So said *Æneas*, the *Minheer*,
Besides, quo he, bring *Cestus* here.
Now you must know what *Cestus* was;
A plaguy Poultice for weak jaws:
A little touch with a weak hand,
And presently a man was brain'd:
A certain cursed Castanet
For men to dance the broken pate.
Two Iron Brickbats, each a Ring;
Which he that best can weild and swing,
To pound his Adversaries Pole,
Was vanquisher of body and soul.
To this same sport, that so men mauls,
Æneas his Companions calls.
Quo he, the man that has the heart
For a prize that is not worth a fart,
To venture brains, or loss of lymb,
Let him come purchase my esteem.
The Victors prize shall be a Cow
With forehead plated you know how:

With plates of ſilver and of gold,
And linnen vaile about her ſhould-
Ers, white, and delicately ſtarch'd,
Like woman going to be Church'd.
Beſides an inſtrument of death,
Eclep'd a ſword, in Ivory ſheath.
And eke a Morrion, none oth'worſt.
Some ſaid, he would have given that firſt;
But then conſidering again,
If he gave one he muſt give twain,
They ſaw it was the wiſeſt plot.
For purſe was his, the limbs were not.
When any one is bruis'd enough,
Quo he, and wiſhes to leave off;
Let him while he his hands can uſe,
Hold up his hand, or cry Kings ſcruce;
If hands be maul'd confoundedly,
Bid ſome good friend that ſtandeth by.
Thus ſaid the *Ceſtus* was brought out
At ſight whereof like one devout

They

They lookt with setled countenance,
The view on't put 'em in a trance.
So that for all his cunning coaxing
None seem'd to love this kind of boxing.
At length not fearing *Lymb* nor torture
Dares appears, a vast Wine-Porter,
Who only could hold *Paris* tack,
At this same play makes others cack.
Who for to honour the memory
Of valiant *Hector* had the glory.
With this abominable weapon
To knock down *Butes* like a Capon.
The best that ever was at cuffing,
Without a Ly or any huffing.
Amyclus vast in strength and burden,
And *always* bred at the Beargarden,
Begot this *Butes* on a whore,
That was half woman, half a mare.
When *Dares* did himself present,
It bred a great astonishment,

His ſhoulders to behold, all bones,
As big and ſtronger than Milſtones;
His Arms were rather bull-confounders;
In Paper-Mills you ſee ſuch pounders.
Now the *Goliah's* ſtrength was all,
As for his brains they were but ſmall;
You would have laught to'have ſeen the noddy
To ſhew his mighty ſtrength of body,
How he did vainly cuff the Air.
Boreas himſelf did not come near;
And ſwung about his brawnie wriſts,
To ſhew what he could do with's fiſts.
And when h'had done, to ſee the Locby
How h'a faign'd to girn, like a great booby.
Si, Sa, quo he, what is there none
Will let me break nor ſhin, nor bone.
What nere a Knight that has a mind,
To looſe his eyes, and to be blind?
This furious challenge was ſo diſmall,
That not a man would venture his mall.

Trojans

Trojans, *Sicilians*, all were dumb,
As if th'had felt the weight of's thumb.
Their Hector's now not worth a fart,
As if th'had neither souls nor heart.
Quo *Dares*, then the Cow is mine,
To day how bravely will I dine.
For who to Cow hath right more full
Than I that am so like a bull?
With that he took the precious Beast
By both the horns upon her Crest.
Bawling so loud, tell he was hoarse,
Who of ye all now by main force,
In hopes to eat a gallant supper
With fist can Cow set on her Crupper?
Chickens by *Jove*, you handle *Cestus*?
You kiss mine Arse. Hei-Captain *Festus*
(For so he call'd *Æneas* jeering,)
Must I stay here all day Pickeering?
As if I'had nothing else to choose,
But here stand making Childrens shoos.

As the Devil said to the Collier.

Till ſome fond Caponet ſhall come,
To be made Gelly by my thumb?
Find me a match that will conteſt,
Or let me carry away the Beaſt.
At which one mad, what ayles that fellow?
What ayles, quo he, that Bull to bellow?
Why ſo much raving, ſo much tearing?
Wee'l match his cock, for all his ſwearing.
Aceſtes through the Rabble flung,
As if a waſp his tayl had ſtung;
Cud boars, quo he, ſhall ſuch a thief
With pain ſo little get our beef?
Fuming he goes to ſeek *Entellus*,
Whom, of ſuch language nothing jealous,
He found ſtretch'd out upon a banck,
Smoaking *Jamayca*, curſed ranck;
For intereſt will not ly. Ye Logger-head, quo he, is this
A time to ſleep and ſmoak, I wiſs?
When all our honours ly at ſtake?
Pox o' your drowſie hide——come—wake,—

And

And shew how thou in times of yore,
Hast cudgel'd many a lusty boar.
Hast thou forgot the prancks and the tricks
Which thou were wont to play with *Eryx*?
Eryx thy Master at this game?
To whom thou second art in fame.
Cuts-foot! shall daring *Dares* quell us?
While we have living brave *Entellus*.
How many spoiles of Butchers bones
Of Weavers Arms, and Dyers stones
Hang in thy Chimney up like bacon?
Of thy renown the certain token?
For shame then let not this wind-sucker,
At our disgrace thus sneer and snicker.
Quoth he, thy words are positive.
Tis not for fear as now I live,
That *Dares* thus I let alone;
But I am old and feeble grown.
Were I as young as I ha bin,
This Raskal that makes such a din

I'de pounce him ſo, that you ſhould ſee,
I'de make him ſoon cry me mer-cie,
To Cow or Calf without regard,
The ſlender motive of reward;
Only for glories ſake, ere this,
I'had made him ſtink for fear, or piſs.
That this is truth ye know full well
Yet that you may not take it ill,
To ſhew I ſpeak not words, but deeds;
I'le try one bout at Loggerheads.
If I am beaten, ſay tis Age,
And no defect of my courage.
Streight he flung down of diſmal batterie
Two fatal Engines, not to flatter ye,
Nor yet to chafe your wanton Nerves,
But for to ſtamp ye like conſerves.
Little they ſaid, meant plaguely;
Their very aſpect made men flee.
More afraid than hurt. *Dares* himſelf, to tell you true,
Likt'em ſo ill, he look't askew.

For

For they had on them fearful ſtains,
Of *Eryx* blood, and part of's brains.
Eryx who meeting at an Alehouſe,
With *Hercules* of's honour jealous,
Streight fell to blows, from blows to knocks,
The leaſt of which would kill an Ox.
What *Eryx* got by't, truely I
Think he might well put in his eye.
His eye! alas had there been leſs put,
They then had living had the *Toſs-pot*.
Dares beho'ding ſuch damn'd trophies,
Think ye that *Dares* ſuch an Oaf is,
Quo he, to venture life in field,
With weapons that he cannot weild.
Æneas thinking twas a ſcandal,
The mortal Engines needs would handle,
But when he felt their weight, quo he,
The Devil handle 'em for me.
Seav'n folded Ox-hides ſtuft with lead,
Some half a Tun in each, they ſaid,

With

With iron hoops and dev'liſh nails,
Such as you ſee about Cart-wheeles.
Croſſing himſelf, then ſaid *Æneas*,
Per omnes meretrices meas,
viz. his Goddeſſes.
What hideous Tartar with a vengeance
Invented firſt theſe fatal Engins?
Puh! quoth *Entellus*; theſe are feathers;
Thoſe with which *Hercules* ſtrapt the Githers
Of my friend *Eryx*, (peace be with him,)
And ſent unto the *Elyſian* frith him,
Were twice as big, and yet the Lubbers
Would wield thoſe mighty Noddle-rubbers
As nimbly at each others coxcombs,
As they had been but little box-combs.
For my part cryes *Entellus* ſurder,
I likes this well, I'me cleare for murder.
But yet to ſhew I'me gameſter fair too,
If he'l have other, there they are too,
I'le fight with any, ere ſpoyl play.
And ye ſhall cap me, as they ſay,

If

If at a blow or two at least,
You guess, not who shall have the Beast.
Then cry'd *Æneas* drunck with joy,
Troth godamercy brave old Boy.
Bring me a pair of Maul cheeks hither;
But not so heavy as the other:
Others were brought, and after tryal,
Approv'd without the least denyal,
Both for their bigness and their huffing,
By Doctors in the Art of cuffing.
One takes *Entellus*; t'other *Dares*,
Saying a hundred *Ave-Maries*:
For it had almost turn'd his stomak;
Entellus shape did such a shew make.
Such shoulders, Buttocks, bones so hideous,
A Chine so nervous, brest prodigious.
For to say truth he nothing hid;
Both shirt and coat were layd aside.
If shirt he had, for else you know,
What he had not, he could not shew;

Belonging to Beargarden Colledge.

And in matter of such weight
Men must be cautious to speak right:
Zabarel l. 200 p. 20000. For if he had no shirt, and I,
Do say he had, I tell a ly.
But now behold'em in their traces,
Making wry mouths and Monkey-faces,
They dance *Step stately* to take aim,
Who first should give the first damn'd maim.
At first they slightly seem'd to skirmish,
But straightway fury growing warmish,
One gives the other plaguy palt,
Which was return'd the next assault:
Young *Dares* was more nimbly stout,
Entellus was the stronger Lout.
With weapons pois'd, and fists erect,
With burning eyes and fierce aspect,
They now lay on sans feare or wit,
As if they car'd not where they hit.
Their Lungs are tir'd and breath in vain,
Their naked Members pant amain.

Such

Such force have bumping blows apply'd,
To *Diaphragma*, or the side,
Secundum artem, as they knew,
To make men vomit black and blew.
Sometimes a loving blow did miss,
Then t'other was not griev'd I wis.
Streight you might hear his guts cry twang,
And t'others skul ring with the bang.
While all his reason takes her flight,
T'had been no reason else, by this light.
Sometimes with stroaks strook unawares,
They only rub each others ears.
Dares with many a nimble leap,
At old *Entellus* head doth skip-
Unweildy he stands stiff and tough,
Without recoyling from the cuff.
While *Dares* with a dreadful eye,
Stood watching his huge Enemy.
Woe worth that rib which he shall find,
But once ungarded to his mind)

You might have believed him without swearing.

As

As men that Walls and Caſtles batter,
Seeke weakeſt place to make 'em totter,
And having found what they intended,
With all their fury thither bended.
Mauling and battering their *inſiſtunt*,
Though th'had as good perhaps a piſt on't.
Thus *Dares* watching ſtill for harm,
Harm watch harm catch Caught from the bold *Entellus* Arm,
Such a damn'd lick athwart the back,
As made his very bum-ſtrings crack.
Dares, but how the Devil't twas done,
Is paſt my apprehenſion,
Returns him ſuch a thumping *quitt*,
As for his quo, 'twas out of debt.
Theſe blowes each equalled in ſtreſs,
Some twenty pounds or little leſs.
And *Virgil* ſaies in his relation,
That the through force and indignation
With which *Entellus* ſtrook and miſt,
His aged Trunck the Graſs-plot kiſt.

That

That he fell down all hands agree,
Let them that doubt the truth go see.
And more than that too a shrew'd signe,
They say he fell like mighty Pine.
There lay the huge *Entellus* sprawling:
For joy the *Trojans* fell a bawling;
While he enraged at the flounce,
Doth all his Gods at once renounce.
Acestes and *Æneas* brave,
Both willing the old man to save,
Where er'e they had it, got a Crane,
And so they cran'd him up again;
Being got upon his heeles once more,
Six lustie Common oaths he swore,
Though for his manners such a sot,
That all his thanks he quite forgot.
Having recover'd now his place,
With rage in heart, and shame in face
Finding what ere he yet had done,
But fleabites in comparison.

Proud spirits had rather be damn'd than suffer disgrace.

Quo

Quo he, now let him look to his hittings,
By *Jove* I'le handle him without mittins.
Poor *Dares* was in great dejection,
Your strong men are not always the wiseſt.
Seeing *Entellus* Reſurrection.
He that before thought worſt was paſt,
Seeing his foe ſo rudely caſt,
And therefore ſang his *nunc dimittis*,
Now at the end of all his wit is.
There was no way but guard to keep,
Better h'd been in's bed aſleep.
T'other lay's on cuff after cuff,
Not minding whither's skin be buff.
His bended clutches damn'd *Memento*,
Make flying *Dares* daunce *Coranto's*
Entellus bounty fell like hail,
Not ſparing either head or tayl.
Dares afraid his reaſons houſe
(Though he had ſcarce ſo much as gooſe)
About his batter'd ears ſhould tumble,
Was half ith'mind in manner humble.

To

To crave in time a Letter of Licence.
He lik't not banging sans defeizance.
While t'other labors all he can
To make a window to his brain.
Dares was in condition sad,
His face was swell'd big as his head,
His head was swell'd as big as his hat,
And he himself just falling flat
Upon his bloody bruised nose;
When all in hast *Æneas* throws
Himself between the blowes so thick:
Good faith 'twas well he came ith'nick.
For had he had but one more thwack
Upon his head or his Sto—mack
Dares had given the Crows a pudding;
And Death had come before his Wedding.
For now *Entellus* Clawes were up,
And falling just was fatal swop.
But just in time *Æneas* spruce,
And brave *Acestes* cry'd, *Kings scruce.*

With coaxing words *Æneas* mellows
The bloudy heart of vex'd *Entellus*.
Good words appease wrath.
Good Sir quo, he your wrath forbear,
Man ſtout at Cuffs, as ere ſtole Deere,
Next time ſha'l *Dares* learn more manners
Then let his wits be his Trappanners,
Thus to provoke a man whoſe wriſts
Can powder Rocks of *Amethiſts*;
With nailes like fleas crack *Adamants*;
And puff down Armed *Elephants*.
Theſe gentle words made Gaffer *Thwackſides*
Moſt patiently lay by his Ox-hides.
Such credit had *Æneas* there,
Quo he, your will be done *Menheire*.
Then Sir *Æneas*, turning face
To him that was in doubtful caſe;
So bruis'd and batter'd, and ſo ſwel'd,
(He ſcarſe could ſtand unleſs upheld)
Made him to the beſt of my memory,
This pithy ſpeech conſolatory.

Hold-

Holding him gently in his arms,
Quo he thou needs not others harms,
For well thy own, without a book,
Now teach thee with both eyes to look
Before thou leapſt, and not to venture,
Before thou knew'ſt thy bold Attempter.
Had not thy Foe been very handſome,
He had deſtroy'd thee without Ranſome.
For now confeſs and ſpeak as true man,
Do you beleive his hand was human?
As ſure as thou wert bang'd to day,
He keeps the Devil himſelf in pay.
Therefore, if legs will beare thee, go,
Weake boxer of the driving ſnow,
Go get a Surgeon, Noble *Feſtus*,
And dream no more of pounding *Ceſtus*.
The poor young knave all ſoare with banging
His neck upon his ſhoulders hanging,
Eyes ſunck in a black quag of butter,
Or fleſh well churm'd, few words could utter.

All this ſhould have been ſaid before.

But ſoftly cry'd to ſhow's reſpects,
Farewell Sir, till I ſee you next.
He could no more in Proſe nor Rhyme,
Nor had he courage at that time
To bring his fingers to his chin
To ſee what teeth remain'd within.
His beard was all bedaub'd to ſee a
With a damn'd foul *Haimoragia*.
The place where Noſe ſtood, you might know it
But nere take hold on't for to blow it.
The *Trojans* they came all to *much* him,
He wiſh'd 'em damn'd that did but touch him.
For ſo his batter'd Corps did ſmart,
That every touch went to his heart.
Then *Dares* two Companions choſe,
To comfort up his broken Noſe.
But both the Crown and eke the beaſt
Entellus got by dint of fiſt.
Who now like toad on waſhing-block,
With conqueſt ſwell'd, thus gan to mock.

Weak

Weak *Trojan* fops both young and old
That enviously this day behold
The Victory that I have won;
Come see what more I could have done,
See against what a firking foe,
Your *Dares* stript from top to toe!
Had ye not drag'd his *Homo-Plater*
From our inevitable slaughter.
You should have seen how I had rub'd him,
And mong the Devils belly bub'd him.
This said his furious fist he clutch'd,
And twixt the horns so rudely touch'd.
The Bulls head, that from head of Bull
Came brains and blood a Kettle full.
So died the Cow without a adiew,
Or making will in minutes few.
Then with a heart full of repentance,
And mind prepar'd for pious sentence,
He cry'd beholding the blew skie,
With doleful face and blubbring eye.

Though the Rhime made it a Bull 'twas otherwise a Cow

Eryx, to thee, my Counter-part,
I give this Bull with all my heart,
For *Dares* ſake, who has my prayers
The beſt of living Cudgel—players.
Here will I Chappel build, or Peſt-houſe
Where horns ſhall hang and eke my *Ceſtus*.
If *Dares* dy here ſhall he be
Entombed likewiſe, cloſe by me.
No queſtion we ſhall then agree.
They that *Entellus* ſaw turn'd Prieſt,
Yet knew he was a damn'd Atheiſt,
Rais'd ſuch a ſhout at his converſion,
As ſhook the Earth like Ague tertian.
So long this hubbub did continue,
'Twas fear'd that ſome would break a ſinew.
Which made *Æneas* in compaſſion,
And for another dirty faſhion,
Which was to have no ſhouting known,
At any ſpeeches but his own.
Enough quo he, enough I ſay;

How

How long must I hear Asses bray?
I'de rather a had a pack of knaves,
Than such a crew of simple slaves.
Enough this curs'd Cow killing sport,
There's none but one the better for't;
Come bring me out your Bows and Arrows
And if ye needs will kill, kill sparrows.
Thus having got some good Companions,
All in a row like ropes of Onions,
Quo he bring hither Galley Mast,
And set it me upright and fast;
First having ty'd at top of it,
A Pigeon, or a Clout beshit,
It matters not so mark be hit.
The lots were thrown into a hat,
Or Helmet, 'tis the same thing that:
At which they fum'd like a hot toast,
To see that Fortune rul'd the roast:
For each one fear'd to be put out
From being one should hit the clout.

For he was Dominus fac totum.

Æneas ſaid he'd have but four;
And who durſt ſay then, he'd ha more,
But four then drawing, ſtone-blind *Chance*
Ilippocoons Honour did advance.
A fatal murderer of wild-Ducks,
A foe profeſt to Dawes and Rooks;
The ſecond fool whom fortune favours
Was Miſter *Mneſteus*, a Sea-Mavors,
Whoſe head with Olive had been crown'd,
For ſwimming well, and not being drown'd.
Of whom I ſhall ſay little more,
Since I have ſaid ſo much before.
Maſter *Eurytian* was the third;
He'd hit a Curran in a turd.
Which made him cry'd up for an Archer.
His brother yet was much the archer;
His brother *Pandarus*, wot ye well,
Who taking bow of pliant ſteel,
Without ſo much as one *bear leave*,
The Cuckold *Menelaus* gave

Such

Such a dam'd prick through buttocks each,
That *Helen* nere so claw'd his breech.
Aceſtes was the laſt forſooth,
Who although old, with ſo much *Youth*
Would needs conteſt for skill and ſtrength;
What he got by't you'l know at length.
Hippocoon his goggle eyes
Casting a thouſand times to the skies,
Firſt hit the top oth'maſt, I trow:
A lower ſhot, had been below:
The bird with that affrighted, try'd
T'have flown away, but ſhe was ty'd.
And ſo ſhe only flapt the Ayr;
He did no more as I can hear;
While bird thus flutter'd on the wing,
Meneſtheus ſhoots and cuts the ſtring:
Whether the bird, do you now think,
That but ere while for fear did ſtinck,
Now finding Leve to be light,
Did not make haſt to mend her flight.

But

But ſhame on all Ill luck ſay I,
That faſter then a bird will fly,
How order'd this bird was kil'd? firſt frighted, then the string cut, then rump pic'd.
For as the Bird was on the wing,
Eurytion ſnapt his fatal ſtring:
Though ere he drew, he made a prayer,
To Brother *Pandarus* in his ear,
The which his brother ſoon did heare.
And ſo as bird was tripping off,
(Not dreaming but ſhe had been ſafe)
The Arrow peirc'd her pretty rump,
And made her turn up belly trump.
'Twas then no time to take advice
How to avoid the fatal ſlice;
Streight with a vengeance down ſhe come,
Like one that feard not bruiſing bum.
He that the day came after fair
Was now *Alceſtes*, by compare.
Ther's nothing left for that old fop,
Leſs he would ſet his own head up.
But what ſaid the *Facetious* Drole,

Quo

Quo he I'le not be made a fool,
Suppose that yonder sate an Owle,
Where bird was ty'd; why may not I
My brother hit? by *Jove* I'le try.
He drew, but wonderful to see
His dart became a prodigie.
A prodigie that friz'd the hair
Of every mortal that was there.
'Twas here a dart, but mounting higher
I'th air becomes a flame of fire.
Like whizzing Rocket up it goes
Had Owl been there, 'thad sing'd his nose.
Or else as *Pub.* says better far,
Like *volant* or crinited starr.
In Eng'ish certain flying jigs,
Or stars with flaming Perriwigs.
The flame continued while it could,
That is to say while there was wood,
But fewel wanting due recruite,
The fire went out without dispute.

One of Feltous resolu

Upon

Upon the whimſical adventure
Was many a thouſand peradventure;
A hundred ſtrange Enthuſiaſms;
Lights new as that, and fond phantaſms
The moſt renowned *Augurs* ply'd
Their painful ſtudies, and diſcry'd
A thouſand ſtories and keck ſhoes,
To lead the doubtful by the noſes.
The *Phrygian* Conjurers could not reſt
Sicilian Bards were all poſſeſt.
Nay all the Rabble had a maggot,
Bigger in head the ſtick of faggot.
Æneas in a pious frolick
Pulls from his neck a certain relick,
It was a chain of gold, at which,
There hung a medal very rich.
'Twas all of broyld St. *Lawrence* left,
And grav'd upon an Agat haſt;
To that annext in Chriſtal hung
The very Cole that burnt Saint's tongue.

Thus

Thus gifted came he to *Aceſtes*;
Great Sir, to you my deep proteſt is,
That for an Archer there was none
Was ever fit to wipe your ſhoon.
Who would the Devil himſelf not blame,
Not having ſeen, to credit fame?
For who can think that did not ſee,
That thou couldſt little bit of tree
In th'Ayr at diſtance come to fire,
By *Jove* it maketh me admire.
Fore *George*, as I am come of woman,
Jove owes thee kindneſs more than common.
As for my part, the heavens protect thee,
Like my dead father I reſpect thee,
And than my Mother ten times better,
If now I ly, then hell me fetter.
What though the priſes all be gon,
Thou ſhalt have preſents of our own,
To ſatisfy for thy ill luck,
That mark ſo ſurely from thee took.

For to ſay truth ma that ne re ſaw it don it to this howre.

With

With that he made him three low leggs
And gave him the foremention'd jigs.
And more then all that, ſomething more,
(Which I it ſeems forgot before.)
A goblet of a maſſie weight,
A work emboſs'd moſt accurate,
This cup ſo trimm'd with fine devices
Was for a fairing, ſent *Anchiſes*
By *Ciſſus* a good friend of his,
Who living, Club did never miſs;
But being dead, yet every night,
In dear remembrance of old Knight;
Anchiſes made the Goblet weep,
Till both forgot, he fell aſleep
To make the Ceremony ſtanch,
He Crown'd him with an Olive branch;
A moſt exceeding favour that,
Becauſe he ſeldom wore his hat.
Eurytion nothing envious
To ſee him firſt rewarded thus,

Æneas wisdom did approve;
Æneas thank't him for his love,
And gave him eke a good reward;
For civil men by civil regard
To generous spirits, seldom loose.
Menestheus had his old shooes.
Hippocoon two nutmegs guilt:
For where the text imploys a guilt,
By mentioning no gifts at all;
We judge the gifts were very small.
From Archerie to Horsmanship
They next proceed with spur and whip.
Epirides the first appear'd
With chin conceal'd in monstrous beard;
He was *Ascanius* Pædagoge.
A most austere Ars-firking dog
But yet esteem'd as learn'd a Sir John,
As ere was bred up at the Sorbon.
He could compose a Catch or Cannon,
And verses make with *George Buchannan*.

Native

Native of *Rion* in *Auvernia*,
But plagu'd with a diſeaſe call'd *Hernia*.
Soon as he came before his betters
He ſhewd himſelf a man of Letters,
Making a hundred ugly ſcrapes,
Like Scholar that the Courtier apes.
Æneas ſoon as one could wake him,
Spies formal fool, and thus beſpake him;
Epirides where's my *Cock-Robin*?
Will he a while leave placket-bobbing,
And for a Steed leave riding wenches?
Then give him Horſe fit for his inches.
Where's all the other younger fry,
Have they their Courſers fit to fly,
To let the world know by their fooling;
Their parents gave 'em no mean ſchooling?
Go quickly then and fetch 'em all:
Epirides with legs ſo ſmal
And Thighs as dry as Kixes, though
As ſwift as arrow out of bow,

Made

Made so much haſt, that ſome proteſt,
He leapt full thirty foot at leaſt,
At every leap; for ſuch men fly
Alway, when th'are in Maſters eye.
Returning like the flowing ſurges,
With a whole troop of young St. Georges.
They were as plump, and loo'd as fairly
As hogs, that ly all day ith' *Barly*.
Their Horſes like a ſeveral bride,
Both necks and tayles with Ribands ty'd.
Inn's a Court gentlemen all they were,
And every one a ſling did weare.
Not to ſling love-ſongs croſs the way,
But ſlugs and ſtones in deadly fray.
Arrows and Bows did others weare,
Which Parents gave at *Bartholmew Fair*.
For then were no ſuch things to ſmoak ye,
As fierce Dragooners under *Okey*.
But others like your French *gens d'armes*,
Had Spears and Lances for their Armes.

Their right paws were in Gantlets cas'd,
And roaring feathers hats embrac'd.
About their necks they Cuiraſs had,
Of double guilded Lattin made.
Some for right mettle did them hold;
But all that gliſters is not gold.
Three Captains lead three neat ſquadrons,
With Scarfs of *Lindſey Woolſey* Aprons,
For in three ſquadrons were the Chuffs,
Diſtinguiſhed one by *Spaniſh* Ruffs.
The next were hats with Steep'e-Crowns,
The third the *Switzers* Bonnet ownes.
One of theſe Chiefs that was no daſtard,
Of poor *Politus* was the Baſtard.
The younger ſon of *Priamus*,
Who knockt down *Neoptolemus*;
In Pages Trouzes up he mounts,
A Carriers horſe, by all accounts,
But ſuch a one, that dreſs him well
Would clear outrun the Divel of Hell.

For the uſe of Colours was not then in faſhion.

And

And sooner would he leap a River,
Than some a Cart-rut should get over.
The next to him was *Asys* hight,
Julus love, and sole delight.
Though to be plain, if all tales are true,
More for his tayl, than for his vertue.
What Horse he had, Gelding or Mare,
Virgil is pleas'd to speak to spare,
But questionless the trade he drove,
Got him well mounted for his Love.
Some men admire why such a one,
Is favour'd by a mighty *Don*;
But search the grass well with your eyes,
And you shall see where the Snake lies.
Ascane as young, last in degree,
Was yet the first in quality.
His gaudy coat and feather'd hat
Made all the people cry, who's that?
But far beyond his glittring garb,
His Courser was a Chestnut Barb.

Not such a shap'd or nimble steed,
Did all the fields of *Sidon* breed.
'Twas *Didos* guift, though when she made it,
Had she known all, he ner'e had had it.
This Horse was only fit to show
On *Whitsun-holidays* or so;
He was a perfect Ram for Capring;
And many a Knight for all his vap'ring,
Unless he held fast by his Crest,
Would put him in danger of his Chest.
But let him all his jades tricks try,
Run Valley low, or Mountain high.
Or play the Divel on all four,
Julus sate him like a Tower,
So well he govern'd hand and foot,
As he had been *George Castriot*,
Or one of *Don* of *Austria's* Riders;
Which he's a Coxcomb that considers.
For all the other meaner squires
Acestes common Hackneys hires.

Geldings

Geldings for some, for others Mares,
With Fillies pricking up their ears.
The *Trojans* clapt their hands by dozens,
Seeing the Children of their Cousens.
Here some of whom they knew the Mothers,
There some their own, though got by others;
And every one as fine as sippence,
And and all prepar'd to run for thrippence.
See youth, cries one, on yonder Mire,
Mothers n'own boy, both lip and haire
'Twas pretty thus to hear'um read,
How living face was like the dead.
Such pretty cheeks with pretty dimples,
You shall not see in both the Temples.
Though then they look'd a little whitish,
For fear least Courser should prove skittish.
At length when every pretty Elf
Had in his Saddle fix'd himself.
Epirides with nimble flick,
Makes whipcord briskly cry smack-smick.

At which they all alarum take;
Far better, than their Steeds, divining
By ſound of whip-cord, Pedants meaning.
Streight the three ſquadrons they divide
In bodies two, or *Maro* ly'd.
Some fly away, while ſome purſue,
And at their backs with ſwitches flew.
But feeling ſmart, make head again,
Ribroſting t'others for their pain.
Weary of being thus lambaſted,
Eſt-ſoons to milder ſport they haſted.
Here three to three, there two to two,
There more, (hey toſs what's here to do!)
They prance and friſk it to and fro;
Foe runs in full career at foe;
When to accord the ſturdy knee,
And skil ful trip, with *Hait* or *Gee*,
(Which horſes learn without much trouble)
In full career they make a *double*;
So Huntſmen ſay; but Horſemen, turn;

Turn let it be then, for I scorn
Much contradiction; that's to say,
They did as girls that dance the Hay.
These pretty *Turn-again-Whittingtons*,
Made by these Gentlemens eldest sons
Their cross careirs, Turns whole and half,
Which *Father* made and *Mother* laugh,
Were like the Labyrinth so pretty,
Once fram'd by *Dædalus* the witty,
To *Minos* Sarjeant-Carpenter.
Within whose walls as men did err,
Or go astray, or vainly wander,
Not knowing tricks of gay *Meander*;
So these young sprouts of *Troy* renown'd,
Sometimes their *Horses* turning round,
Now running in a streight careir.
And sometimes *doubling* here and there,
Like nimble Dolphins seem'd to play,
Like Dolphins in the *Lybic* Sea.
When *Boreas* bold, thank *Boreas* for't,

Is pleas'd not to disturb their sport.
Then out comes *Fleabit* and *Tregonnel*
And *hey* for *Strawberrie*, that last won all.
Some run for Crowns, and some for Guinies,
The cunning Jockies cheat the punies.
But last of all, that which was most,
They rais'd a *most confounded* dust.
And thus you see these youths so cranck
Shew'd Parents many a pretty pranck
Which afterwards *Julus*, He
That founded *Albas* fair Citee.
Becoming King most powerful,
Did recommend by special Bull,
Unto his Race of *Romans* bold,
For to observe and eke to hold,
As sacred to their fathers names,
By Title of the *Trojan* Games.
And thus you see what slight occasions
Men take sometimes to Cajole Nations
While wise *Æneas* thus imployes,

Being a notable politician.

His

His time in gaping upon boyes,
Fortune, who being of *Greek* exrraction,
(And therefore of the Grecian faction)
Hated a *Trojan* at her heart;
Resolves to shew him to his smart,
Another of her plaguy dog-tricks,
Juno, old *Priam's* dear Exec'trix,
More full of mischief than a Page,
Plump as a Tike with female rage,
To trusty Gossip, *Iris* hies,
A practis'd bitch in telling lies,
Juno her mind did soon impart,
Which *Iris* had as soon by heart,
Quo she, for words there needs no pumping,
I know your meaning by your mumping:
So brib'd with promises and dollars
She flung an old scarf ore her Colours;
Away she cuts her airy passage,
To prosecute her damn'd Ambassage.
And as she went, her legs she shews,

What won't great people do for their own ends.

Full

Full neatly clad in crimſon hoſe
Well gar ter'd too, above the knee,
As they affirm, that both did ſee.
Slow was her pace, for being plump
She fear'd to fret her tender rump.
From *Arcady*, without a wherry,
She quickly croſt the Ocean ferry.
And cauſe the Road was ſtraight and free,
She was not long from *Sicily*,
Where ſhe beheld, in Armor glittering
The lazy *Trojans* ſcaperloytring
The Fleet was left like Theif in Mill,
Or to be gon, or ſtay, at will.
Nor Dog to bark, nor boy to baul,
What ever danger ſhould befall;
Both boys and dogs were all ago
To ſee my *Lord Æneas* ſhow.
The women by themſelves afar,
Were private from theſe acts of warr
As 'twere in publick hugger mugger,

Clawing

Clawing away the sack and Sugar,
Till crying ripe, the wine intices
Some to bewail defunct *Anchises.*
While others at misfotnune wept;
Well well-quo one, time was I kept
As good a house for *East-cheap* beef,
As she that was Church-Wardens wife;
And for good Pewter and for Brass
And dining Room rub'd with a gloss,
I had as good as most ith' Parish
Though some perhaps might make more flourish
*H*ow long shall Ladies nice of stomack
Be forc'd to ly in swabbers *H*amock?
*H*ow long shall women bred so squeamish?
Ly nose in ars midst *Hogo's* flemmish?
Others that were more finely *Maudlin*
Call'd poor *Æneas* Goose and Codlin,
Come, come, I love to speak, cries one,
Theres Captain turd, let him alone,
Let him but drink while he can see,

He cares not what betides poor we,
He crams his guts as at a wedding,
While we are glad of hasty pudding.
Where is the City that he promis'd?
I doubt I shall be ana—tomiz'd.
Ere that day come: he might ha'had
Cities enough, would he have staid;
But he would needs have to'ther tos.
Your rowling stones ne're gather mos.
While cups and tongues thus fast do move,
As both for nimbleness had strove,
Iris that saw their drunken posture.
Quits shape divine betokning moisture;
With staff in hand, on eyes spectacles,
Like wife of *Doricles*, her self she tackles,
And old Witch that had liv'd so long,
She had forgot that she was young!,
For the reversion of whose joynture,
The fifteenth race had cry'd, God Saint her.
Though she were old, yet she was subtle,

And

And to the purpose well could prattle.
My Grannam *Berce* she was hight,
Though dark with age, the Ages light.
Mischievous *Iris* in this form
Appears in midst of all the Chirm,
To whom as soon as she could make,
'Em hold their clacks these words she spake,
Poor women, Poor unhappy women!
Companions only now for *Seamen*,
How long with grief must ye contend,
Oh where shall be your sorrows end?
Had ye not better that the *Dolopps*
Had long since cut ye into Collops?
Then from vexation of your souls
Y'had lain secure among the Moles.
Rather than thus to live at *Sea*
Half dead with hunger every day:
Your hands that fanns did only dandle,
Now forc'd the rugged Oar to handle,
Distress'd inhabitants of Pinnaces.

Which she was half a day a doing.

To

To whom the Sea deſtruction menaces.
That live in boats, where ticks and fleas,
Without reſpect of perſons ſeize:
Rather then lead a life ſo fell,
Women had better live in *Hell*.
'Tis now ſeaven years, or *little* leſs
That you in cold and heats diſtreſs,
Poor wrinkled weather beaten Madams
Lead by the noſes like *Jack Adams*,
In vain do hunt the flying ſhore,
Which Fate has promis'd ten times ore;
A tale that I ſhall nere believe,
Nor pin my faith upon her ſleeve.
Let her go on and vainly coax
Our credulous leader, *John*, *Anoaks*.
A quartan Ague ſtop his Lungs.
For him we have endur'd theſe wrongs;
But heres anow, lets have a care:
Why can't we tarry where we are?
What ailes this Country? tis both good

And

And Govern'd by our flesh and blood.
Let's build a Town among our kindred,
Our freind *Acestes* nere will hinder't.
There we may play our wanton tricks,
Not subject to the Oceans freaks.
Our Country Gods I pity too,
Han't they a fine time? what think you?
Snatch't from the rage of *Grecian* Robbers.
To be made Cabin-boys and Swobbers
Fools! can we hope for so much joy,
Ere to revisit your old Troy?
Or *Symois*, fam'd for *Morehens* plenty?
Or *Xanthus* nere of Gudgeons emptie?
Then let's go burn those pocky Vessels;
That are not fit to harbour *Weasels*.
This night my candle burning blew,
Cassandras Ghost my Currains drew,
Quo she, why wander ye like *Tartars*?
In *Sicily* take up your quarters.
What will ye always live like Barnacles?

That

That may have Towns like *Athens*, or *Naples*,
Always be ſwimming on the Seas,
Like VVidgeons or like *Soland* Geeſe?
Burn then thoſe fly-boats, why d'ye tarry?
If husbands chaſe, ye have your Lurry.
Behold four Altars newly rais'd
Where ſacrifices lately blaz'd.
To *Neptune* for ſome curteſies,
VVhere fire enough in Embers lies:
Find you but hearts, the Gods find flames,
Courage then, thrice Immortal Dames.
Take leave of damn'd ſeafaring trade,
And of the ſhips make a Grilliade
Be you but bold, I don't ſay cruel,
The Gods find fire, and yonder's fuel.
This having ſaid the plaguy ſtrumpet,
Takes up a brand, and ſtead of trumpet,
Blowes the hot coal, to wake the flame,
Go then, ſhe cry'd ith' Devils name.
VVith that ſo ſwift ſhe flung the brand,

As sent it soon to journeys end.
And where as soon, it was apparent
He dally'd not to tell his arrant.
Dames, that before nere saw such jigs,
Began to stare like roasted Pigs;
They star'd so long you would have thought
Their very eyes would have dropt out.
They knew not what to think or say,
For all the stuff they had, there lay.
Here soft compassion to her Kettle,
There pity'd pinner stops her mettal.
Another gins her cheeks to wet,
In mercy to her Cabinet.
At length steps up an ancient Matron,
That *Priamus* by strings of Apron,
Had often lead, as being one,
Had nurs'd him many a Girl and Son;
Whom she their Primars also taught,
And firkt their royal tayls for naught.
This venerable peice of Age

Hight Pyrgo, more than Midwife ſage;
With voice like Kitten, when it mews,
Thruſting her neck out like a Gooſe,
Quo ſhe, let's not be over haſty,
To credit *Beroe*, ſhe's too too teſty.
Come, come my friends, I know what's what,
And I muſt tell ye——I ſmell a Rat.
She *Beroe*, ſhee's a lying ſlut;
She's no more *Beroe*, than my Scut.
Alas poor *Beroe's* ſick a bed,
Scarce an hower ſince I dreſt her head.
You might ha' believ'd her without ſwearing. And then ſhe ſwore the Devil take her,
That there was nothing worſe did make her;
Then that ſhe could not come to ſip,
And chat with us and ſmoke her pipe;
'Tis not for want of Love or Grace,
She came not hither to ſay maſs
For old *Anchiſe* in purgatorie.
But her old age, which makes me ſorry.
To ſee her made a ſtalking horſe

And that for mischief, which is worse,
No, no, this wench ith' Devils name,
Is come from Heav'n from *Jove's* good dame.
Her Armpits smel of Rosemary,
Which strongly prove divinity.
Her lively aire, and feet's proceeding,
And eke her voice speak heav'nly breeding
To little purpose thus spoke *Pyrgo*:
For not one soul beli ev'd her—*Ergo*.
Yet in respect to female Wizard,
They stood a while twixt hauk and buzzard.
They liked well *Sicilian* plains,
But Fate had so bewhim'd their brains
With windmils they should have in *Latium*,
Which for the present much did dash'em.
Iris that had no mind to dally
Seeing'em thus stand shally shally,
Streightway her self *disheroiz'd*,
And in true shape re-Deitiz'd,
She through a cloud her bow displays,

And on her wings, with heavenly grace,
A whole and even courſe ſhe ſteers;
Then in a moment diſappears.
There was no need of doing more,
The *Trojan* women now give ore,
And now like boys in fields of Moor,
That go to pillage Baud and Whore;
In Troops moſt fiercely diabolic,
They take in hand their curſed Frolic.
Like people mad, or ſtark poſſeſt,
Acting what only rage thought beſt.
They ſack and pillage *Neptunes* Altars,
As if they nere had read their Pſalters;
Fate kiſs their tayls, and for *Æneas*,
They count him but a ſilly fleaas.
By theſe fierce Queans thus arm'd with fire
In hand and tayl and upper tire.
The Galleys kindled look like Torches.,
The flames are not for Spaniſh Marches,
But rather *a la mode de France*,

From

From Rope to rope they nimbly prance.
The *Turk* himself upon the Ropes,
Nere shew'd such strange Curvets and hops.
The Ropes they eat for Sausages
And on the Sails for Tripes they seize.
They dress'em not in Cook-room though,
But eat the Cookroom up also;
Yet could not master all, be't known,
They left the Furnace as a bone.
Down to the water they eat all,
But would not drink because 'twas small:
Flames were so thirsty, understand ye,
No liquors love, but Wine and Brandy.
Eumelus all in hast comes posting,
To see what Women were a roasting;
The flames did so their business handle,
That he might see without a candle,
The matter was too too transparent,
And so he quickly had his errant:
Back he returns with horrid din,

But nimble ſparks too fleet for him
Had told before how ſtood affairs;
Alarum'd by thoſe Meſſagers,
The people all make to the ſhore:
Aſcane a horſeback gets before;
*D*amn'd *j*ades quo he the Devil confound ye;
But fires your friend, the Devil drown'd ye.
Paſſion makes any man miſtake.
What witchcraft thus poſſeſt ye all,
To burn our ſhips both great and ſmall?
A madneſs Græcian rage outſtrips,
They burnt our houſes, left our ſhips.
The pox poſſeſs and burn' you next,
A crew of whores, that Hell perplext,
And ſent from thence a plague to us.
Was ever Treaſon black as this?
Conſuming now our boats and ropes,
Y'have burnt the laſt of our hopes.
Accurſed Bitches, with black ſouls,
Blacker then are your own made Coles.
Whore's only fit to be ſtrappado'd,

And back and belly baſtonadod.
Y'have brought me here with ſuch a flutter,
That I have almoſt broke my crupper,
Beſides the loſs of all my ſport,
Hell take your plaguy bon-fire for't.
This having ſaid, with fury toſt,
Like a blind man that ſtaff had loſt,
He threw his cap ſo hard toth'ground,
As made it back to's hand rebound.
Æneas like a Lacquie puffing,
Comes in at length ſwearing and huffing;
He look't like one beſides his wits,
Tore his *Montero* all to bits;
But when the whole he underſtands,
He falls a gnawing both his hands;
Then in a paſſion out he roars,
Where are theſe jades, theſe plaguy whores!
Incarnate Devils, I'le quit their ſcores.
But cunning bitches once the feat
Being done had, founded a retreat;

A neat invention to give him his hat without alighting.

Whip they were gon forſooth to piſs,
So general the engagement is;
That you might ſooner cut your throat,
Than ſee a Smock or Peticoat;
They had all found Daughter and Mother
In Rocks or Sands ſome hole or other.
Some in the next Woods refuge take,
For all their Arſes buttons make,
Seeing the Jades prancks they had plaid,
For *Iris* then they backward pray'd.
And ſpending on *Juno* in Follies free,
Of *Billingſ-gate* Artillery.
More mad at her that drell'd 'em in,
And jeeres 'em now out of their skin,
But ſtill the Veſſels they burn on,
Till maſſie Timber's almoſt gon.
Wiſe work i'faith for bearded Chins,
To leave their Ketches at thirteen's.
The colking made ſo thick a ſmoak,
As would a Chimney-Sweeper choak.

Hero's

Hero's like fools stood gaping on;
But all their strength was useless grown.
Æneas being sore distrest,
To see the Devil make such a Feast,
Bedaub'd and plaister'd with despair
Clawes his white skin and tears his hair,
To see his ships where hopes rely'd
By durty drabs so fricassy'd.
He tore his garments all he had
Which made his smirking Taylor glad.
And then his hairy brest he shewed
All scabby to the multitude;
At length with voice of dying man,
He cross'd his Arms, and thus spoke on.
O Jove of whom I never fail,
To speak kind words, though in my *Ale*.
Ay me behold this fatal blaze,
Such nere befel in all your days;
Forgive me leave to let you know so,
Troys fire to this, was but a so, so;

If

If you have any kindneſs for's,
And that grey Mare ben't better Horſe;
If there be any ſmooth *Bordachio*
That does affect your ſmooth *Muſtachio*,
I mean, mong us, let me be him,
I'le ſtrive to pleaſe ye with my limb.
You ſhall have with me, bate extortion,
An ample younger brothers portion:
If this be pleaſing to your Grace
Laugh not but weep, lend weeping face,
And all the tears that you can ſhed
On ſhips with flames invironed;
Damn'd Sempſtreſſes wou'd they were whipt,
Have all our grand affairs unript;
And therefore *pour L'amour de dieu*
Give us ſome Rain or elſe ſome ſnow;
They'l be more welcome now, good ſooth,
Then ſhowers in Harveſt after drouth:
Rain pailfuls therefore for a ſpurt
E'ſe I'le not give thee ſixpence for't;

Plain dealing's a jewel.

You

You have a Sun, that with his bucket
Knowes up again well how to pluck it.
Sometimes ye rain down hei! ding dong,
Giving your water for a song.
That *Holland* felt, nor drap *de berry*,
Are able to withstand the ferry.
And when we pray but for Ale quart,
Thou giv'st us *Winchester* measure for't:
Then if thou lov'st me, deare *Jove*, rain,
Rain for thy life and fill the main,
Till like a piss pot it run ore;
Never came rain to purpose more.
Give our your ships that are so hot all,
But one kind dram of thy full bottle.
Æneas had no sooner ended,
But a vast deluge straight descended:
Showers did not fall, but rather Rivers,
The *Trojans* look't like Cornish divers:
Æneas wash'd, began to scowl,
Though but just now, his very soul

For Juno was gone Gossiping and knew nothing of his Petitio

He

He would have pawn'd for but one brimmer
The Gods could hardly pleaſe his humour.
To tell ye how fine feathers lookt
Like Capons tayles, how ſcarfs bemuck't
Had chang'd their Curious gloſſie hues,
Or the ſad fate of Calves-skin ſhoos,
Tis needleſs quite, for you may gueſs;
But's ſhips were in a better caſe;
For fire and water falling out,
The water hap't to be moſt ſtout,
And quickly maugre their welch heat,
Over the flames the victory get.
So that what ever did remain,
Was ſurely ſaved by the rain.
But though your flames were quench'd &ceas'd
Æneas could nor well digeſt
Theſe blowes of Fate, which made him muddy
And put him in a deep brown ſtudy,
What courſe to ſteer, or how t'app'y
To preſent evils, remedy.

Long

Long was he in a great quandary,
Whither to go his ways or tarry.
Pox o'these Oracles quo he,
They tell no truth that I can see.
Then up steps, an old *Cinque* and *Quatre*
Grave *Nautes* hight, whom *Jove* wise daughter
Chose from his Cradle for her Crony,
And with him often top'd *Stypone*.
A desperate Casuist, for he well
Aquinas knew, and *Zabarell*.
And for predictions a meer Lilly.
Only for Rimes Drammatic silly.
This Doctor taking streight, forsooth,
Æneas words out of his mouth
Æneas th'art a fool quo he,
Leave fretting and be rul'd by me.
Fortunes a Whore, a meer Gilflurt,
And scorns the more, the more ye court,
Let her be Pox't and hang'd for a Jade,
Throw thy Cap at her, and her aid.

Go

Go boldly, without fear or wit,
And hit that nail that will be hit.
Yet cauſe two heads are better than one
Aceſtes of your privy Coun——
Cel ſwear, he'l hear thee with a whiſtle;
And he's as ſhrew'd a man as *Cecil*.
For th'old and lame, knock'em oth'head;
Tis juſt like having babes to bed.
For lazie Truants, man or woman,
Turn'em a grazing on ſome Common:
Where if the rain or wind do trouble,
They may build huts with lome and ſtubble.
Which then, they for a Town may take,
And call't *Aceſtes* for his ſake.
But all the luſty ſwaggering blades,
That can both fight and raviſh maids,
Burn Villages and plunder Towns,
Swear oaths of all dimenſions,
Keep theſe as th'apple of your eye,
And be their chief, I'le tell ye why,

To murder all the innocent flock
That live by *Tibers* little brook.
But which shall shortly tos's her nose,
Bove all the floods *Jo*: *Moxon* knows;
And spite of all their teeths compel
'Em to pay Custom and *Ga——bel*
Thus ends the Prophet Gaffer two-shoos:
For standing cold without Galoshoes,
The rhume his nose did tickle sore;
And sneezing forc'd him to give ore.
Æneas wits gon wool to gather,
Heed neither speech nor *Nautes* neither.
His busie pate was full of parables,
His soul was prickt as twere with sparables;
Thus paind like maid that weareth willow,
Quo he, Ile go consult my pillow.
Now was the night as dark as pitch is
And near the hour that favours witches;
When he tossing and tumbling lies,
Like one in Love above the eyes.

Or vexed ſoul, when houer is fled,
That *Maudlin* ſwore ſhe'd come to bed.
Thus lying as he lay, tormenting
His brain-ſick noddle with inventing,
Up comes the Reverent *Anchiſes*
In the ſame Doublet, Hoſe and Breeches
As he was always wont to weare;
For knowing how his ſon did feare,
Beſides thoſe Devils, Rats and Ferrets,
Thoſe other Devils called Spirits,
And that an Apparition might
Make mad work with the ſheets by night
Thought fit to come in ſhape leſt dreadful
To him that had his breſt and head ful.
The Curtains drawn, he ſets him down,
And then quo he, God ſave ye Son.
Up ſtart's *Æneas* in a huddle,
And all affrighted, piſs'd a puddle.
For fear, though they were ſtrong as *Ludgates*
Will ſet ope any Mortal's Floodgates.

When

When Father cry'd in deep affection,
Hold water Son, ye have protection.
Go ring your shirt, and leave surmises
I am your Father old *Anchises*.
Jove that has quench'd the raging fire,
According to your own desire,
Has sent me here your brains to settle,
And not with fear your mind to nettle.
As for the old and the decrepit,
To that which *Nautes* says, give credit:
Tis good advice, and as sententious,
As *Huncks* ere gave to son licentious.
But those that can both say and do,
Let them go all along with you,
To *Tiber's* stream, to which are bred nigh
A warlike race, of a strange kidney.
That sling a Devil and half at once,
If e're they meet with any affronts.
But ere ye go to this same war,
You must go under ground d'y'heare,

And viſit ſable *Pluto*'s manner.
Where I ſhall be to do thee honour;
And make thee welcome as a Prince,
As hath the old ſaying been long ſince.
For I am no tormented ſoul
But walk about upon parole.
In fields *Elyſian* without fetters;
Where all your ſouls mark't with red letters,
Their ſeveral ſports and paſtimes take,
With Cards, or Bowles, or Ale and Cake.
There you ſhall meet a curteous Sibill
Which there men credit next the Bible;
She'l go before you with a Lanthorn
To ſhew you ev'ry corner, and turn:
There you ſhall hear me make Tautologies.
Concerning all your Genealogies.
Which every day I con by heart,
As Children ſay their mornings part.
So Son adieu, the day appears;
I dare not tarry for my ears.

For

For when the Sun awakes the Daw's,
Hobgoblins eyes always draw straws.
Æneas in a plaguy fear,
Sneaks out his head and cries who's there?
But having now the night-Mare slain;
And rung his wits all in again,
He springs upon his tayl anon;
Quo he, what Father gon so soon?
Not stay and take a dram oth'bottle,
After the pains of so much twattle?
How is your heart so cruel grown?
So short a visit, and be gon?
Return again my dear Dadda,
And hear how well I yet can say,
Pray Father pray to God bless me:
That silly fear should so oppress me?
And make me thus forget all grace:
Dog in a Doublet as I was.
Then out he goes for tinder box,
But by the way so hard he knocks

His Princely ſhins againſt a Chair,
That paſſion urg'd could not forbear;
Quo he, pox take this dog my father,
To lead me thus I know not whither;
I warrant it an Inch-Inciſion,
The Devil take him with his viſion.
But by and by when pain was over,
And ſenſes did their ſeat recover,
His anger cooles, and he repents
Of his ungracious compliments.
To make his peace he ſmoak'd the Room
With Frankinſence or ſome perfume.
A conſecrated Cheeſcake next,
If I am not beſides the Text,
(Though *Lipſius* and the *German* gang
Of Pedants only fit to hang,
Say 'twas a Fool) which merits faith
As giv'n to one that had no teeth.)
He gave old *Veſta*, old indeed,
Sh'had liv'd five thouſand years a Maid;

Now

Now call'd the Goddes mumble-Crust.
This offring finish'd, and in post
His mattins said, and *Ave Maries*,
He's fix'd again for new figaries.
He goes to find the Rabble out,
He tels his tale; they laugh and flout;
Until he swore by his Virginity;
And then they could not in civility
But credit every word he said.
Aceſtes readily obey'd,
And without making long discourse
Promis'd'em all his utmost force,
Æneas not to spoil his plot,
Resolves to strike while the Iron's hot.
He streight calls out the old and feeble
And women most unprofitable,
And all the dainty, Lazie blouses,
That ſnips forsake to live in houses.
He only kept with him the stout,
Such as would hold all weathers out

Of which one man would cudgel four,
And four would ribroſt half a ſcore.
In number few, but great in heart,
Not valuing danger of a fart.
The ſhips were preſently repair'd,
New Oars are fram'd, new maſts are rear'd.
New taffata Jacks and ſilken ſtreamers
For this new moddel had no Dreamers.
A toyl that words have quickly ended,
For what's ſoon ſaid, is ſoon amended.
Æneas now Surveyor turns,
Gets him a Plough, and beaſts with horns,
And moſt gentilely like a Clown,
Scores out the Moddel of a Town;
The Streets, the Lanes, and Market places,
Exact like Troy with all her graces.
Their Concubines apartiment,
And privies moſt magnificent
Aceſtes laugh'd untill he puk'd,
To find his Honour thus be-luk'd,

Makes

Makes law's a hundred more then twenty;
And Officers close stool to empty.
Then where they never were before,
To *Venus*, that Celestial whore
Upon the mountain, *Erycine*,
He makes a Temple, and a Shrine,
To lay *Anchises* bones therein,
And of the order *Jacobin*,
He Consecrates a lazie Priest,
Whose office 'twas in dirty vest,
Before a Taper always burning,
To howl out ditties full of mourning.
Thus having got a little quiet
They fell to junketting and riot;
Nine days in gluttony they toyl,
And drink like Shoomakers the while;
Till now the Ocean calm and gay
Tell's em 'tis time to take away.
The Southwind blows, but makes no bustle,
More then to call'em with his whistle.

The longeſt day muſt have an end,
And friend at length muſt part with friend.
So 'tis with them, now ſeaſon calls,
Of force they muſt pack up their Awls.
The Galley-roſters then began
To howl and blubber, and take on;
The women loath to ly alone
Are all now frantic to be gon.
Æneas, who had words at will,
Begs 'em with patience to be ſtill;
Sometimes he laughs, ſometimes he cries,
As *Cunning* ſway'd his drolleries.
Twenty deluding tricks he us'd,
And ſo their female brains amus'd,
That they were well content to yeild,
And to the Conqueſt quit the Feild.
O heav'ns now what a noiſe is here!
Of humble ſervant, thine my Deare,
Farewell my Joy, farewell my Love,
Farewel my Hony, Duck and Dove,

They

They kiss, they cry, they laugh, shake hands,
Embrace and hugg, and on the Sands
Th'had taken their last leave, some think,
Had Captain giv'n'em the least wink.
Three Sheep are to the Tempests slain,
To keep'em in a merry vain.
And then for *Eryx* that town Bull
Four *Heifers* from the Herds they cull.
The Anchors weigh'd, all ready now,
Æneas stands upon the prow,
With Olive branch upon his brow;
As thus he sate in Princely pomp,
On a Portmantle easing Rump,
A young *tarpaulin Jacka lent*
Brought him a cup of musty Tent;
What's this quo he, the juice of Toads?
'Tis well enough, 'twill serve the Gods:
With that he pow'r'd it down the Main,
That drank it, as't had been *Champain.*
The guts and Garbadge of each beast,

He

He gave the *Tritons* for a feaſt.
For with the Briſket, Chines and Ribs,
Trojans themſelves had fil'd their cribs.
The Seas thus pleas'd with Sail, and Oar,
They part from the beloved ſhoar.
You would have ſworn, had you been near
That all the *Kent-Street* Broom-men there
Had empty'd all their leathern geare,
Nothing was extant to your views
For a whole mile but Womens ſhoos.
Thus in old ſhoos their wiſhes flew,
While they look on and wiſh for new:
And ſo return from viewing fleet
With tongues more clamorous than their feet
Venus the while a ſlut moſt crafty,
And mindful of her white boy's ſafety,
Bids Coachman harneſs *Flanders* Mires,
And ſtreight to *Neptune* ſhe careirs.
Neptune, it being long Vacation,
For want of better recreation,

With Oyster shels, and rocky flakes
Was busie making Ducks and Drakes;
But when he saw the Lackerd Coach,
He left his sport and makes approach,
Bless me, quo she, what mean you so
Your noble pastime to forego?
In truth I blame my rudeness for't;
That thus hath made you leave your sport,
With voice more lulling than a lute
She had so charm'd the Sea-green Brute,
Madam quo he, kissing her hand,
I were not worthy my command,
Should I not all things set a side
When such a Dame, so near ally'd
Whom I love more, than you can guess it,
Shal honour me with such a visit;
Good now what wind has blown you hither?
Some plot of *Juno* upon the weather:
Y'are in the right on't, on my Honour
She plagues my heart out, pox upon her,

'Tis ſcarce a month but in deſpite,
She burnt up all my ſons whole fleet.
And would have gridled him himſelf,
But that the pretty harmleſs Elfe
Has a good faculty to ball it,
When any miſchief does befall it.
In all our heav'nly Court there's none
But hates her like a Scorpion.
And *Jupiter's* a Hobby-horſe,
He does not kick her out of dores
As one would kick a dog or bitch.
She has the Devil in her breech.
Time that brings all things to an end,
Can't bound the malice of this fiend.
The *Laws* of Fate ſhe chops and changes,
As all things mov'd upon her hinges.
What need I tell you, you well know,
She's nothing elſe but fire and Tow.
But t'other day, in *Lybic* Seas]
What a Combuſtion did ſhe raiſe!

At

Attempting those her wild fegaries
Within your Highnes's territories;
But that your Grace, I humbly thank ye,
Seeing how meanly she did rank ye,
Were pleas'd to take good cognizance
Of puffing slaves Irreverence,
And so cornub'd 'em, that I think
Their windy holes began to stink;
And then the sneaking sons of whores
Pull'd in their horns, like Cuckolds Currs,
That find by letters intercepted,
How well their stately heads are grafted.
But tempests missing her desire,
She seeks to work her ends by fire;
But then her husband by a shower
Stopt the damn'd progress of her power.
That which remains, I beg your Grace
To let your *Seas* keep smiling face.
Let only gentle *Zephyr* be
Your Highnes's courteous Deputy.

And

And for thoſe teſty *Aquilo's*
Chaſe'em like Hornets from my noſe.
Let *Son* at *Tyber* ſafe arrive;
And for ſo doing, as I live.
My Maids ſhall work ye againſt *Eaſter*,
A pointed Band worth twice a teſter.
I tell you this, as I am modeſt
Upon the word of a true Goddeſs,
Dear Madam, why ſuch words as theſe?
You are ſole Miſtreſs of the Seas.
From thence you came: The Seas were mad,
If they for you no kindneſs had.
And therefore vex your ſelf no more,
I'le make the winds your breath adore.
I'le have a care of your young man,
The ſame that Doe has of her fawn:
Fair *Simois* and *Xanthus* both
I call to witneſs upon Oath
The large effects of former care;
Achilles when, great man of War,

Aſſaulting

Assaulting *Troy*, a bold adventure,
Your dapper Son would needs incounter
And like to have his brains knockt out,
In cloud I rapt him, as in clout,
While his fierce foe in vain pursu'd,
And th'Air as vainly hack't and hew'd
I have the same protection still,
The same intention and good will;
And for the sake of your bright eyes
He ne're shall want what in me lies.
Moreo're to shew I love him well,
I'le give him passage into Hell.
Egress and regress to his wishes,
As he were one of my own Fishes.
The Lady hearing so much mercy,
Dropt him a very delicate Curtsey.
The King of floods then gave command,
And Coach is tackled out of hand;
Coach by two *Hippopotams* drawn,
Not *Dolphins* as the Learned fain

And

And on the billows then he drives
The pace of Princes and their wives
At his approach the Sea becalms,
The waves as quiet are, as Lambs;
Winds clap their tayls betwixt their legs,
Like Chaplain took at *Baudy Pegs*:
The *Scene* was chang'd quite through the main,
All cover'd now with *Neptunes* train.
He to shew Lady *Coz.* his Port
Had summon'd all t'attend his Court.
First the Promoters of the *Sea*,
His *Sarjeants* and his Catch poles, they
Were certain Monsters, th'ugliest Rogues
That ere were seen, upon *Sea-Hogs*.
Whales of all sizes, sorts and shapes,
With noses made like squirts for Claps,
Whence they could spout ye with a vengeance
Whole Rivers, like my Lord Majors Engins.
These *Glaucus* lead, a man of note,
In scallop shel instead of Boat.

And

And all the way he play'd most fine
Upon a Trumpet call'd *Marine.*
Ino's Executor *Palæmon*
Rid mounted on a good fat Sammon;
Old *Triton* second in the Empire,
Rode in a Chariot frindg'd with Sampire:
A Scallop lin'd with mother of Pearl,
Which six large Oysters nimbly whirle
Phorcus the next most eminent
Brought a whole a ragged Regiment
Riding with dirty shirts on Sharkes,
All dammy Boys, and Hect'ring Sparkes;
Next *Thetis* with her Sallow jowl
Rides monuted on an ambling *Sole*;
And next to her was *Melite*,
Behind her man upon a Ray.
Fair *Panope* a Virgin still,
Bestrides an o'regrown Mackaril.
Cymodoce brings up the Rear,
Upon a nimble Didapper.

Such was the worſhipful proceſſion
Made by the Chiefs of Sea-born Nation:
Æneas at the weather ſmiles,
A ſmile in length above three miles.
Men might have ſeen his heart untroubled
Caper Coranto's through his doublet,
Among the ſhips there 's not a lazy one,
All by the fore-lock take Occaſion;
Their ſails are full, and Seamen brisk,
Some go to ſleep, and ſome to *Whisk*,
The gale works for 'em, while the Ships
All keeps their courſe, their Amm'ral keeps
That ſteer'd by *Palinure*, a head
The body of the whole Fleet lead
Starboard, or Larboard, or No near,
How e're he ſteer'd all others ſteer,
The Rowers all the Seaſon bleſt,
That gave them ſo much time to reſt,
And all lay down upon the plancks
To recreate their weary Flanks.

While

While Pilots with their eyes, like Owles,
Look out for *Sea*-marks, and for sholes,
The rest, without the aid of Poppey,
Or juice of Lettices, so nappy,
So soundly slept, that some men swore
Their very souls where heard to snore,
When, lo, a little Urchin whipster,
A god cal'd, but more like a Tapster,
That by his good will would never waken,
But sleep all day in rusty Bacon,
This demi-god is Deaths one brother,
Tis well sh'has him, sh'has nere another.
This drowsie Soul drops from the stars,
Dispels the Mist, that hid his Arse,
And thus like a dissembling Knave,
For *Palinure* provides a grave.
Like *Phorbas* clad, quo he, dear Friend
What harm dost thou thy self intend
By watching thus? aside thy care:
And sleep a while, while weather's fair,

And I'le be careful till you wake
Of Galleys, that no harm they take.
Follow your Fools advice that pleaſe,
I'le ſleep no ſleeps, by Gods good grace:
Who ſent you here with this blind ſtory?
Thus *Palinure* frumpt young *John Dory*.
This bold young Sophiſter howe're
Continued ſtill to buzz in's Ear'.
He begged him ore and ore again
To clear his eyelids, but in vain,
For *Palinure* he could not coax:
Friend, quoth he, y'are in the wrong box.
Is this a time for me to ſnort,
Knowing the burden I ſupport.
How ſhould I anſwer to be found,
I faſt a ſleep, Ships faſt a ground?
My Maſter, great *Æneas*, ſure
Would give much thanks to *Palinure*.
A ſcalded dog the Kitchen bauks,
So we have had enough of rocks,

The little God, but hugeous Devil,
Finding perswasions here so civil,
Would not prevail, draws out a jelly,
The colour I can hardly tell ye,
With this same oyl, not oyl of Violet,
He rub'd the Temples of the Pilot,
Who, without dreaming o the Fleet,
Falls flat on's belly fast a sleep.
When on a sudden part of the steerage,
Not well repair'd or out of meer age.
Whips off, and Pilot, heav'n knows how,
Only that *Virgil* says 'twas so,
Went with a murrain altogether,
A strange mischance in such good weather,
And therefore wise men guess it rather,
(Though bad excuse by *Virgil* made,
Is better than t' have nothing said)
That the old man too much had drank,
And going to th— fell off a plank.
However 'twas, wak'd with the fall,

He

He vainly to his Mates did call,
For he was drown'd, and miſchief done;
Away th' unlucky God doth run.
How e're the Ships ſteer a right courſe,
For *Neptunes* promiſe guides their oars,
Though ſome conjecture they did well,
Rather by hap, than by good skill.
Tell by and by the Rocks approaching,
Where *Syrens* live, all day debauching,
Æneas by good chance lookt out,
And ſeeing Ships ſo neer a rout,
Thought Pilot either drunk or dead,
And that without his preſent aid,
The Ships would be at ſix and ſev'ns,
He goes to ſee: but then O Heav'ns!
Th'aſtoniſh'd Mortal quickly found,
That *Palinure*, Good man, was drown'd,
The Galleys ſwom at ſeven and ſix,
Like blind men groping without ſticks,
And now they gan approach the ſtones

That

That lookt all white like dead mens bones,
And yet the waves neer shallow shore,
Lay howling day and night for more.
Æneas, whiter than his Cravat,
Saw 'twas nothing for man to laugh at;
'Twas time i'faith for him to work,
The which he did like any Turk;
And streight though night, and hard put to't,
Got sea room, and good way to boot,
He wrought, but could not sing a noat,
Like merry Cobiers under stals;
For grief had spoild his Madrigals;
But for his Pilot, now a sleep,
A hundred sighs he fetch'd ful deep;
He puft, and heav'd, and roard, and snob'd,
To see himself of Pilot rob'd;
Ah my Dear Friend, his noddle shaking,
That now must sleep for want of waking,
Whom sleep it self, hath taken napping,
And strangled in the water dropping,

Naked

Naked upon ſome forreign ſhore
Thou ſhalt be caſt and ſeen no more;
Though if no Porpoiſe eat thee up,
Nor *Sturgron* on thy carkaſs ſup,
Time may perhaps bring thee to light,
Till then, Dear *Palinure*, good Night,

FINIS.

MARONIDES
OR
Virgil Traveſty:

LIB. VI.

SUch words the ſad *Æneas* ſpoke;
They would have melted heart of oak
His copious grief ne'r wanted Onions,
For tears were always his Companions;
They were no tears that dropt from goblet,
That ſo beſmear'd his Princely doublet;

His tears were of another faſhion,
The tears of real Lamentation:
He griev'd for *Palinure* ſo long,
That had his Widow been but young,
She could not have refus'd, I trow,
The Man that lov'd her Husband ſo:
But *Fate*, that good and bad conjobles,
Playing on back-ſide of the Tables,
Checquering his Fortune black and white,
Now ſhews him a moſt lovely ſight,
Th' *Euboic* ſhore, ſo near at hand,
That you may quoite a ſtone on land;
For joy they threw their Caps i'th' Sea,
For we'l ha' better, ſtrait, quo they,
So loud they did each other welcome,
Pool might ha' heard the noiſe from *Melcom*;
That done, they fall to ſhipping oar,
Caſt Anchor and the Galleys moore;
The Galleys, with the Spritſail Bow,
To lee-ward turn'd, lay all a row,

As

As on the spits you see Hogs-hastlets,
Or Beads on *Pater noster* bracelets,
And now the mad tar pauling Spittles
Are all for smoke, or else fresh vittles:
Away in mud, up to the knees,
They ding a shore. For seeing trees,
Quoth they, a Forrest, and if so,
By *Jove* we'l have a brace or two.
So some steal Deer, and Keepers beat,
And others wood, to roast the meat;
Another Gang on all four creeps,
Digging for Flints to light their pipes;
And if a River they espy;
Yon's water to make drink, they cry.
While Pasties made have time to soak,
Pious *Æneas* takes a walk;
He spies a House, first thought a Lodge,
But prov'd a Temple, never budge;
I know where now I am, quo he,
Apollo's Fane this needs must be;

And not far off is Den of *Sybil*,
Of which I have heard full many a quibble;
For by this *Den* there hangs a tale,
If Daddy ſpake not in his ale.
And ſomething of a moldy verſe
Hath bred a maggot in my A——
This *Riddle me Riddle me what is this*,
To viſit ſoon I muſt not miſs;
'Twill coſt at leaſt two full hours time
To hear her ſhitten come ſhites in rhime.
This Temple for its outward ſtructure,
And inſide beauty, as I conjecture,
No Bunken Maſons hand did rear,
Nor was deſign'd by Welch Surveyor,
Nor painting done by daubers 'prentices
That ſpoil Church wals with pious ſentences
But by ingenious *Dedalus*,
Whom *Minos* threatning for to truſs,
He ſoon fix'd wings unto his back,
And thither fled to ſave his Neck:

Th'anna-

Th'amazed Birds their tayls beshite,
They take him for some monstrous Kite.
At length at *Cume* he doth alight,
And there according to his oath,
The Carpenter and Mason both,
He built a Temple wondrous fair,
Wherein to keep his Wings so rare:
Such was their zeal then, hence I gather,
Men would build Temples for a feather.
Within the Portico, as I remember,
Painted in oyl, not in distemper,
Murder'd *Androgeus* plainly shews,
That those that kill'd him were his Foes.
There, like the man that spews up purge,
Stands *Minos* clawing with a scourge
Faithless *Cecropians* raw buttocks,
For giving his Wives Son the pox.
Right against them was painted *Creet*,
A Tale like this you seldom meet;
Nothing a Womans lust can cool,

But Maiden-head of a Young Bull,
There the grave Father ſhews his Trounſer
And his young Son, the half-veal *Mounſieur*;
By Mothers ſide a Prince at leaſt,
But by his Fathers ſide a Beaſt;
And yet this Thing, part Man, part Beef,
Was well belov'd by *Mino*'s Wife:
Who as the Picture ſhew'd to th' life,
In Labyrinth, by *Dedals* art,
Enjoy'd the Pizle of her Sweet-heart:
More Pander he, with ſuch deſpite,
To horn the Royal Houſe of *Creet*.
There *Icarus* had been painted too,
But Dad for thee was full of wo;
Such was th' affection of his brain,
He could not ſee thee drop again; (ber,
Twice cry'd th' Old-man, while eie did blub-
But, when the wax 'gan to unſoder,
Down fell his pencil, like his Son,
And ſo the work was left undone.

Æneas

Æneas, in a deep surprise,
Had almost star'd out both his eyes,
When grave *Achates* came i'th' nick,
And prov'd by dint of Rhetorick,
That 'twas an act of Fools and Boyes,
Thus to stand gazing upon toyes;
When time was precious, and men ought
To strike the iron while 'twas hot.
Then Lady Abbess *Deiphobe*,
(Pinn'd up behind her upper Robe)
Seeing the handsome Son of *Venus*,
This Lesson gave him, *Ore tenus*.
Great Sir, the Lord of many Hectors,
Is it for you 'mong toyes and Pictures?
You Lord Chief Baron of the *Sages*,
Is it for you among I-mages.
To think to find a kingdome *Gratis*?
Or since to say so much my Fate is,
To have a Kingdome drop i' your mouth,
While you are wallowing in sloath?

No, no, if you will Kingdomes have,
You muſt turn over a new leaf.
Leave baubles then, like ſilly Knaves,
And cut the throats of eight fat Calves,
And eight fat Sheep, as I give order,
Of pictures let me hear no further.
Twas quickly ſaid, and quickly done.
For all on ſeveral errants run,
Shuh, then cry'd ſhe, as men drive Turkey's
Driving the *Trojans* down a Stair-caſe
Into her lodging all before her,
There's none reſiſt, for all adore her,
It was a Dungeon dark and foul,
Much like the Witch of *Onkey*'s hole.
It had an hundred doors and better,
For every poſt brought heav'nly letter
Wherein the Anſwers were contain'd,
For ſimple cox-comb Mortals fain'd.
Æneas now arriv'd at place,
Where Cuſhion rich expects his Grace,

Behold

Behold the time is come, quoth she,
That now ye may demand of me;
All on a sudden Visage chang'd,
Black in the mouth, like one that's hang'd.
A madness seiz'd her, though Divine;
If otherwise, I'le not repine,
For 'tis no bread and butter o'mine.
Distemper, even such another,
Which your Wise women call the Mother;
In this same rage, the hair-brain'd questril
Shew'd the foundations of each nostril:
Her eyes that well might pass for bright,
Appear like charcoles giving light:
Her tresses that dishevel'd flowed,
As bigg as knitting-needles shew'd:
Her lips besmear'd with foam, I wis,
In bad condition then to kis:
Her voice grew hoarse, and lungs oppress,
Like Organ bellow's fill'd her breast:
In brief, this Old Cœlestial Antick

Seem'd

Seem'd like a perſon wholly frantick:
Quoth ſhe, *Æneas* ſay your Creed,
Believe it elſe we ne'r ſhall ſpeed;
This holy Houſe wo'n't ope one hatch
To give our prayers the leaſt diſpatch.
Then ſaid *Æneas*, Mighty Serious,
Fair Lady Abbeſs been't ſo furious.
O *Phœbus* then, Quo he, whoſe care
(Attend with reverence to his prayer)
To *Ilium* alwayes fair and ſquare,
When proud *Achilles* laught to ſcorn
All men, like him, not ſhot free born,
Did ſo direct young *Paris* dart,
As through his heel to hit his heart;
From many ſhores and many Seas,
And people worſe than Savages
Have I eſcap'd, though ſhrewdly hatter'd
Which my lean hopes has ſomthing butterd;
Why do I run from place to place,
And nothing gain in eight years ſpace?

While

What pleasure can this Country be
To one that has it not, like me;
Just like the poor Duke of *Lorrain*,
To call that mine, which is not mine.
Behold me now arrived here,
But if I miss this place, I swear,
Were ye ten times more god, then y'are,
And whom I love more than I do,
I shall not value ye my old shoo.
Now then without more Fiddle faddle,
Upon the right horse set the saddle.
In saving us from further trouble,
You'l shew your self a Christian double.
Why should ye thus for one mans sake,
That onely him did Cuckold make
Who well deserv'd it, a meer toy,
A race of Innocents destroy?
Fate has design'd us a good Land,
Why should'st thou pious work withstand?
Troth if I find that be the drift,

I muſt proteſt againſt the gift:
And therefore, O thou mighty King
Of Link-boyes all, that rore and ſing,
And thou the Queen of all that uſe
Bright Lanthorns to keep clean their ſhoes;
Now hear my prayers, and wot ye well,
Ye ſhall have Temples ding dong Bell,
Where men ſhall pray with ſtipends large,
At mine, or at ſome others charge;
All queriſters of skilful note,
That ſing within Book, not by roat.
And for you *Madam* ſkummer-tail,
That with a word can turn the ſcale;
Cajowl rhe Gods, as thou knoweſt how,
And thou ſhalt ſee, what I ſhall do;
Preſents I have of Silkes and Sattins,
A Coach and Horſes to ſave pattins,
Cupboards of Plate, and eke more mony,
Then thou know'ſt how to ſpend, my Hony;
But do not ſpeak to me in Riddles,

I hate such damn'd confounded wheedles:
But write in velum all thy lurry;
In Roman hand or Secretary.
Or, like a Ballad, make it so,
To tune of *Fortune is my Foe.*
Thus pray'd *Æneas* till their heads ake;
Then Virgin play'd the Devil for God-sake:
She churm'd with head and eke with bum
To make the sacred Oracle come.
At length the hundred gates flew open,
And words like these were strangely spoken
Great Captain of the *Trojan* host,
Upon the Sea so lately tost;
As Villain Waves, with cruel thumps,
Have often put thee to thy trumps:
So will the land, as basely cross,
With thy sweet meat mix sowre sauce:
The land is thine as sure as Gun,
But thou shalt swear of Oaths a Tun,
Ere thou hast peace, and curse all those,

That

That ſent thee 'gainſt ſuch rugged Foes,
Many a rap on pate full rough,
Many a ſlaſh quite through thy buff,
In skin full many a button-hole,
And memory chaf'd behind the pole,
Shall let thee underſtand that Roſes
Can prick as well as pleaſe the Noſes.
Wars, horrid Wars I ſee, and *Tyber*
With humane blood full ten times wider,
Like *Xanthus*, ſhe for ſhame not bluſhes,
But for the blood that daily guſhes.
A new *Achilles* born of Goddeſs
You there ſhall find to bump your bodies:
Your old Friend *Juno* full of rancour,
Shall never fail ye with a Twanker,
For ye ne're knew a monied Whore
Without her *Hectors* halfe a ſcore.
And thus reduc'd to low eſtate,
Here thou ſhalt beg, and there entreat,
But ſuccour get the Devil a bit.

And

And ſtill the ſelf ſame cauſe of all
Another beardleſs *Animal*,
I mean a Woman full of rage;
Another fatal marriage.
But be thou bold, as *Bayard*, ſtill
In ſpight of all the Devils in Hell,
Thy enemies cake ſhall all be dough,
The very *Greeks* that brought thee low,
From Prince not to be worth a farthing,
Shall be the firſt for thee jeo-parding.
Tis ſtrange you'l ſay, but yet I do
Aſſure you though 'tis ſtrange, 'tis true.
And thus the grey muſtacho'd *Sybil*
Came to the end of dubious riddle.
Then quoth *Æneas* I'le be hang'd,
If ſhe her ſelf this underſtand;
Pox of her toothleſs chaps for me,
Can't ſhe ſpeak ſenſe, tho words ben't free?
As Devil came in, ſo he went out,
Again ſhe made a diſmal rout,

Teaz'd by familiar Diabolic.
Like Mortals pepper'd with the cholick:
Æneas curs'd him, and his meſſage,
For by the ſtink, he geſt his paſſage.
So ſoon as Fury gan abate,
Æneas he renews his prate.
Quo he, good Virgin, leave your bounces,
Speak you, or let me ſpeak four ounces:
No ſooner ſaid, when ſhe forſooth
Lets a great fart full in his mouth;
The ſound was heard above a mile,
Which forc'd him under hat to ſmile.
And then with countenance grave & ſtay'd,
He thus beſpoke the ancient Maid:
The dangers that you have declar'd,
With gentile patience I have heard;
But what care I, let more be ſtir'd,
I value them not worth a t——
One thing I beg of you to grant,
That's by your courteous means, good Aun
To

To go and come, sound as a Bell,
And view that hideous place, call'd *Hell*;
And for to see my Lord, my Father,
Of *Trojan* flock once chief Bell-weather.
For scarce without your helping hand,
Would I embark in that *Dutch* Land.
And yet to see my Dad *Anchises*,
I'de venture without Shirt or Breeches,
Through many a Pike, and many a Dart,
Although I ran the Gaunlet for't;
And yet I don't much like the sport.
When Fire did our poor City sack,
I took him up upon my back,
Not suffring danger to come nigh us,
From whence I got the name of *Pius*:
For which good man in recompence,
He still has follow'd me ere since,
Alive or dead, I thank his Grace,
He ne're would leave my sleeping place:
Like faithfull Dog, still at the heels

Of Maſter, whoſe ſupport he feels:
He told me that without you are nigh,
I ſhall but make a fruitleſs journey,
That I ſhall find of ſmoaky Court,
Like Miſers door, faſt barr'd the Port,
In pitty of my quality,
Let *Cerberus* your friendſhip ſee,
Leaſt worſe than Dog of Tanner he
With greedy fury ſeize a ſhin,
Or tear my doublet from my ſkin.
If *Orpheus*, but a Ballad-Singer,
Onely, but holding up his finger,
That Dotard *Charon* could intoxi-
Cate and bring away his Doxy,
If bold *Alcides* made 'm quake,
If *Theſeus*, *Pollux*, had the knack,
If indeed ev'ry Saucy Jack,
Could when he would his friend bring back
Why ſhould not I, of Gods deſcended,
Be more than ſuch Paltrons befreinded.

The

The fairer *Venus* did me bear;
And sure I can more safely swear,
For one so known to be my Mother,
Then any o'them swear for their Father.
Y'have heard, what Great *Æneas* said,
Now hear, I pray, what she reply'd.
The Ancient Jade all turd, all honey,
Touching his eyes, that lookt so bonny,
Darling of *Venus*, may it please ye,
The way to Hell is very easie,
Any may go that pains will take;
But the main thing is to get back.
Few men by gods though lov'd as dearly,
As men themselves love juice of Barly;
Though they came out of *Jove*'s own Twist,
Or from a Goddess engine pist,
That go to Hell in taunting scorn,
Have cause to brag of their return.
In those vaste Regions Woods are seen,
With Leavs all sooty black, not green,

Environ'd with a hideous Lake,
Whose water no good drink will make;
There's not a Brewer will live nigh't;
This Lake it is *Cocytus* hight.
Yet notwithstanding my Assertion,
If you admit of no Coertion,
Though give me leave to tell you true,
I never met a fool like you;
And better 'twere, I further tell ye,
To burn what hangs below your belly:
And this is faithful wholsome Counsel,
Which I'de ne're take from any Dunce ill;
I say if yet your fingers itch,
To visit *Charon's* filthy Ditch,
There is an Apple-tree, whose Fruit
Wou'd, if they knew how to come to't,
Fit rarely well your *Neat-house* Gardens,
Where fools give Crowns apiece for Wardens.
This tree within a wood lies hid,
Where you may see as well at Mid---
Night

Night as at noon, without a Lanthorn;
Nor will a Lanthorn do a mans turn,
Unless it have a lighted Candle;
Both Branch and Fruit are Gold to trondle.
It now grows chiefly in *Peru*,
And in some other parts a few.
Infernal *Juno*, *Pluto*'s Wife,
This fruit loves rather then her life;
By her good will she'l eat no other,
A costly Quean, just like her Mother;
Give her *Boon Chrestiens*, and she'l fart,
Give her but this, you win her heart.
If any fool without this goes,
Streight *Cerberus* pulls him by the nose.
Take no more words, if brains be'nt supple,
Go presently and find this Apple:
Tie both your eyes, as you would see
Or Needle in a Bottle of Hey.
All depends upon good luck;
For if you are by her forsook,

Faith you may look til eyes drop out.
But if ſhe favour you this bout,
You'l find it juſt before your eyes,
And gather fruit with as much eaſe,
As nimble finger'd Maid's catch Fleas;
But firſt of all I you adviſe,
To bury Friend, that ſtinking lies,
And if he lies unburied long,
Will Fleet infect, he ſmells ſo ſtrong;
His heavy ſoul is much dejected,
To ſee his body ſo neglected.
Who knows what injury his pray'rs,
May bring to your ill fix'd affairs:
Go therefore, and appeaſe his Ghoſt,
'Tis but a Sheep or two at moſt;
And judge you now what fooles thoſe are,
Will loſe a Hog for a ha'p'orth o' tar,
Or for an *Ora jam pro nobis*,
Which may produce *pax eſto vobis*.
Æneas gave her no reply,

For he was ready just to die;
The death of Friend did now so grieve him,
'Twas past all Brandy to relieve him,
And partly care of *golden bow*;
A purchase he no more knew how,
Just at the instant, for to make,
Then carry Churches on his back.
His head thus laden with a peck
Of troubles, like to break his neck,
He quits the Den, like man of grief
Coming from Fun'ral of his Wife:
He bit his Flesh, and cust his brain,
That such bad Guests did entertain.
Achates followed him at heels,
And findes how he his lot bewailes.
What a pox ailes the man, quo he,
Was ever such a Sot as thee?
Was ever man so plagu'd as I?
Then quoth *Achates*, pray Sir why?
Th'are riddles all y'speak to me.

I know no cauſe, nor none I ſee,
With that his finger doth decipher
Where lay *Miſenus* his Bag-piper;
Or ſpeech or motion had he none,
And which is worſe his life was gone;
Which was the reaſon, though well bred,
He now ſaluted 'um, being dead,
The Son of *Eolus*, or rather
Old *Eolus* was his own Father.
He knew full well to fill a Sackbutt,
And he could whiſtle like a Black-bird;
De mortuis nil niſi bonum. He'd trumpet with a Tooth-pick caſe,
Holding a Mouth-piece in diſgrace.
Hector he us'd to ſound aſleep,
Who gave him three half crowns *per* week,
And once a year a Coat with ſleeves.
He being gone where *Old Nick* lives,
Æneas ſtreightways him preferr'd
Chief Trumpeter to his Lifeguard,
With yearly pay, an hundred Franks,

Boots,

Boots, Shooes, and Coat, and many thanks;
Besides for curing Gallic sores,
He paid his Pothecaries scores.
Better h'had been a Kennel-raker,
Then such an exquisite noise-maker;
For while he dares the *Tritons* grim,
To tryal of their skill with him,
A while they heard his Roundelays,
But fearing he would get the praise;
Among the rest one with a hook
Pull'd him down headlong from the Rock:
Go there, quo *Triton*, with a wannion,
Art thou for *Demigods* Companion?
They laid him out upon the shore,
Wee'l have burnt Wine, if nothing more;
For Ribons and for mourning Rings,
Spare us dear soul, w'have no such things:
Thus said *Æneas* without Leeks,
Bathing in tears his rosie Cheeks;
Are these your reasons, quoth *Achates*?

The

The Devil take your reaſons *gratis*:
Then out they went for food, and faggots,
To burn *Miſenus* and his Maggots:
No Woodman never work'd ſo hard,
As did *Æneas* with hal-bard.
Down went the underwoods and buſhes,
As *Jove* had ſent 'em 'gainſt the Thruſhes;
The Captains fingers twiſted Bavins,
As faſt as Wenches rattle bobbins.
Nor were the *Latins* then in haſte,
To bring their actions for the waſte.
All things thus finiſh'd that were proper,
As 'twas but time, they went to ſupper.
Æneas that had well digeſted;
(For doubtleſs meat was ſoundly roſted,
In all this time ſo vainly waſted)
But that which now in ſtomach roſe,
Was that which ne'r came there, God knows
A certain *bow* lay thwart his maw,
Far worſe, than had the meat been raw.

Oh

Oh now, quoth he, would Witch be kind,
And shew me where this *bow* to find,
(For hang her whore, I must believe her,
Misenus shew'd she's no deceiver)
Now could I dance without a Fiddle;
All troubles banish'd from my noddle;
As jocund then as Elder Brother,
For death of the old Hunks his Father;
He had no sooner spoke the words,
But lo, just at his nose, two Birds?
Pigeons they were with golden wings,
O how he capers then, and sings,
For well he knew, by their *crou-co*'s,
They were his Mothers pritty Crows.
Then did he out of bosome pull,
A silken bag of tares top ful;
You think I lie, and story slight,
But such it seems was his foresight,
That never without tares he went.
And now the birds to compliment,

Tom,

Tom, Tom he cryes, and ſcatter'd tares,
But Birds were ſhie and full of fears:
And therefore ſince they ſlight his tares,
Oliver-like he falls to 's Prayers;
My pretty Pigſnie Doves, quo he,
Who need no legs, becauſe ye flee;
If y'are my Mothers, ſure I am
Y'are both well bred, both Pidgeons tame;
Then as y'are Turtles without gui'e,
Now help a lame Dog o're the ſtile:
Shew me but how to find this Codling,
For which my addle brains are mudling,
(Would it were mine in ſhitten clout)
I ſhall be gratefull without doubt,
And give you for your kind diſpatches
Your full demands in Peaſe, or Vetches;
Or if you'l have of both, ye ſhall,
Of each a Buſhel at a meal.
Frayers being done, the Pidgeons flew,
Which made *Æneas* noſe look blew:

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After

After he skips it, in his Pumps,
Eyes always fix'd upon their Rumps;
On Heav'n so much he star'd, and scorn'd
The Earth, that while a stone he spurn'd,
The scorned Earth tript up his toes,
And laid him sprawling on his nose;
The thirst for Gold that he was in,
Suffer'd him not to mind his skin,
For streight ere Cat can lick her ear,
He's up again at's old cariere.
The Turtles now approach'd the Pond,
(For still by flying they got ground)
Or rather horrid Lake *Avernus*;
Quo they, This Lake doth not concern us:
From Devils Arse in *Darby* Peak,
So strong a breath so hot did reak,
(Which cause it stank like any Tombstone
Was still perfum'd with flow'r of Brimstone)
That Turtles us'd to *Venus* Chamber,
Could not endure the Devils Amber;

And

And therefore ſafely, to their wiſh,
Got over Satans Chafing-diſh,
O'th'other ſide the *Devils Ditch*,
Within a place, within the which,
This Brain confounding Tree did grow,
They perch'd upon a golden bow,
So runs the Man to take up *Pheſant*,
When Fowling-piece has hit his wezand,
As runs *Æneas*, ſtreatching ſinews
For Pipin worth ſome twenty Guineys.
Now *Virgil*, like a Whelp and Bacon,
This fruit unto a Gum doth liken,
A Gum in colour much like Saffron,
The ſimiles not fit to vapour on,
Chiefly for him, that ſo well knew,
Sol would have lent him Ray or two;
That *Phœbe* was not ſo much worn,
But that ſhe could have ſpar'd a horn.
Never was money-bag by *Audeley*,
As was this Pipin, ſeiz'd ſo rudely.

Never

Never did Infants with more joy,
From parents hand ſnatch *Bartl'mew* toy.
And as they run to ſhew next friend,
So runs he to *Cumean* Fiend.
While he was proſecuting Wheedle,
The *Trojans* were by no means idle.
Shedding whole Tankards *ſupernaculum*,
Ofburnt wine tears,o'r good-man *What-ye-*
Imean the Trumpeter *Miſenus*, (*cal-him*,
T'whom *Virgil* once more doth confine us.
With red roſe water they had waſh'd
His ſkin with the ſalt waves bedaſh'd.
Th' had trimm'd him like a water Spaniel,
And wrapt the body up in Flannel,
According to the true intent
Of *Trojan* Act of Parliament,
A baudy Batchelour of Art,
His Fun'ral Sermon preach'd by heart;
So little he in book was ſeen look,
He ſcarcely read his text within book.

His

His Pall was born by ſix brave *Hero's*,
As right as e're top'd at *Frank Vero's*.
Five Herald-Painters had been ſcraping
The morn before, for Scutcheon making.
But money's ſhort, *Æneas* cry'd,
Elſe one had ſurely been imploy'd:
Æneas, charitable He
Did never ſpare, when Fobb ran free;
And now to's pow'r, ſhew'd very well
That he could bury, as well as kill.
Then th'odorous offerings of his friends
('Twas all the Tarr which they could ſcrape
From the Ship ſides, and every Rope)
Was thrown among the firebrands;
For Rhime as well as Sence, I wis,
Admits of a Parentheſis.
The ſacred Reliques, piping hot,
Chorineus clos'd in brazen pot:
Cooling the heat, before or after,
With gilt Bayes dipt in Holy-water.

And

And then the fatal fire to quench,
With tankards full their Lungs they drench.
Pious *Æneas*, who ne're shall
Claw off that name while's Cap's of wool,
As he was wont, all in a hurry
Made him a Tomb like hill *Silbury*:
And left occasion he might have
To use 'um afterwards in's Grave,
Sets by him the old Fudling noggin,
Wherein his Nose was always jogging;
Two bales of Fulhams low and high,
Tobacco, Pipes, and good Sher--ry:
His Trumpet, and his Armes so bright,
And Tinderbox to strike a light.
Then made the Mount to bear his name,
Even *Misenus*; Man of fame,
To make a hillock, more then wonder,
Bear that a top, was buried under.
Having perform'd these Ceremonies,
He takes his leave of all his Cronies;

Intending now to visit Devil,
By order of *Cumæan Sybil*;
A Den there was, whate're's becom on't,
Or whatsoe're is now ith' room on't:
A hideous, horrid, hateful Cell,
The Gullet of that Monster, *Hell*;
A Sarazens mouth was nothing to't,
'Twould swallow mouth and head to boot.
At th'end of which a filthy maw,
Whose food was always Mans flesh raw;
Which all o'recharg'd and surfeted
With the Corruptions of the dead,
With Belches thick and pestilent
So well perfum'd the Element,
That not a Bird which thither flew,
Or sought to make its passage through,
But with a sudden Meagrim took,
Fell down into the fatal Brook:
For with a Brook, or rather Lake,
'Twas ditch'd about, whose waters black

Bred

Bred only poys'nous Efts and Toads;
'Twas hedg'd about with gloomy Woods,
Which ſpreading root where waters flow'd,
Like Forreſts in the Sea they ſhow'd.
The air within, ſo ſayes the ſtory,
Was like a Syrup, thick and glorry,
Which with a poys'nous dew beſmear'd
Th' Infernal *Barathrum*'s black guard.
Eneas, who for his own ends
Was always making Gods his friends,
(For he that will be good Stat-holder,
Muſt be Divine as well as Souldier)
Before the mouth of diſmal hole
Three Heifers brought, as black as coal:
A Trooper theſe, half Prieſt, half Barber,
With Backſword than a Razor ſharper,
Cans Waſh-ball ſhav'd, twixt lugg and lugg,
Which made 'um look more gent & ſmugg.
They were not trimm'd, to go to Play,
Or ſee their Miſtreſſes that day;

But t'have their throats cut, while in Tray
The bloody ſtream pours life away.
Æneas in his zeal ſo hot,
With Sword or Skean, it matters not,
Of curled Spaniels with black hair,
Inſtead of black Sheep, kills a pair:
For there are two things moſt an end,
Love and Devotion, very blind.
To *Hecate* were Heifers ſlain,
Of Heav'n and Hell She-Soveraign,
While Prieſt invoking Tawnie wench,
Mumbled his Pray'rs in *Pedlars French*.
The Spaniels kill'd by over-ſight,
One he preſents to Madam *Night*;
The other to her Siſter *Tellus*:
And fearing ſhe ſhould have the yellows,
(For Goddeſſes and Parſons Wives,
Mind their punctilio's more than lives)
To *Proſerpine* a little after
He gives black *Taurus* only Daughter,

Who though she had been Bull'd long since,
Had neither Calf, nor yet Mischance;
For women then, for all their freaks,
Lov'd bellies better than their backs;
There were no two Exchanges then,
That women made, by marring men,
Else Marrow-bones and Brisket-Beef
Had been poor toyes for *Pluto*'s Wife.
Pluto whose turn must next be serv'd,
So long the rule has been observ'd
To please the women first, and then
By their assistance please the men:
Had *Puritan* ne're learnt this Lecture,
Old *Nol* had never been Protector.
But why, *Æneas*, why so civil?
What Cloth and Napkin for the Devil?
Quo he, there's none great things must han-
dle,
If they can't hold the Devil a Candle.
That many ha' done; then why not I
Hold Trencher to his Sov'raignty?

There's nothing loſt by flatt'ring Prince,
By double double-diligence.
The Devil in *Cuerpo* ſet to dinner,
They ſet before *Grand-Viſier* ſinner,
All the Beaſts Entrails waſh'd but meanly;
For they were more devout than cleanly:
Yet leſt his appetite ſhould fail,
They gave him Muſtard, and Train Oyl.
Æneas tamely Trencher ſhifts,
Adding obſervance to his Guifts.
Pluto, the Devil and all at Tripe,
Layes on, like man that beats his Wife:
But having fill'd ungodly gut,
The crouded wind ſeeks paſſage out;
So loud a thundring Fart broke forth,
As ſhook foundations of the Earth,
Avernus yells, the Mountains amble,
The Ocean roars, and Forreſts tremble;
The Tanners Dogs they fall a howling,
And *Trojan* Peers their Hoſe befowling.

It

It seems the Devils Wind-musick playd,
To usher in *Cumæan* Maid;
For soon as his Recorder stopt,
Like Wolf in Fable, in she popt.
Be gon, ye Sons o whores, quo she,
That credit neither *Jove*, nor me:
Get ye from hence, e'en to *Bengall*,
Or else the Devil confound ye all;
For you, Sir Knight, draw forth kills-a-dog,
And get ye gon to House of *Magog*.
Pull courage up without brown studying,
And boldly stand to thy pan-pudding.
This said, as mad as Hare in *March*,
She flung within the dismal Arch.
Æneas now o're shooes o're boots,
One leg before another puts,
Where he could not see for his guts:
In one hand holding trusty Sword,
Either for *snick* or *snee* prepar'd;
With t'other, Witch by Petticoat.

Great *Hogen Mogens*, (thus ſaid *Maro*,
Praying for himſelf, and not for *Hero*)
That in Hells *Belgick* Provinces
Put human Souls in Little eaſe;
To talk and prate, now grant me wit,
Quicquid in Buccam venerit;
Strange hidden myſt'ries to unlock,
And ſtories of a Bull and Cock;
And to relate, though not in Non-ſenſe,
A ſtory fouler far than *Johnſons*.
If any one denyes that this
Is *Virgils* meaning, let him kiſs ——
Æneas, as before I ſaid,
By Waſtcoat held *Cumæan* Maid.
The *Hero* made not too much haſte,
For well he knew, that haſte makes waſte.
His ~~tayl~~ between his legs he claps;
His ſplay-feet make *Iambic* ſteps:
Sometimes he treads on Witches heels,
Which made her curſe his Sparables:

Some-

Sometimes he makes, for she was tall,
With Nose in Arse, a demi-fall.
Virgil, no Christian, but a Sarazen,
Brings here a Heathenish Comparison,
Saying they wander'd without light,
Like men that wander in the Night;
Through Woods and Forrests up and down
By light uncertain of New Moon;
Which she, more dark to render, shrouds
In a black Visor-masque of Clouds;
While Pitchie night so hoodwinks eyes,
They can't distinguish wood from trees.
Though some that in these latter times
Virgil out-wit for sence and Rhimes,
Say he would have done better far
With Candle and Extinguisher:
But had he took the snuff to boot,
In socket seeming sometimes out,
Then briskly darting forth a flame
More glorious than *Æneas* fame,

H'had

H'had ſurely been *Poetarum ſummus*,
Beyond the claws of drolling *Momus*;
But whether it were dark or light,
What's that to you, ſo they went right.
No ſooner Witch and her Companion
The cold Infernal *Tranſilvanian*
Kingdom approach'd, but there he ſaw
Sorrow, as pale as Oaten ſtraw;
Attended by a thouſand *Cares*,
That ſtreight came buzzing 'bout his ears:
They in their eyes all holding fingers,
Star'd up like Bucks beholding Strangers.
Next, *Death* and *Sleep* at tables end,
With face 'twixt folded elbows lean'd,
Sate ſnoaring loud as City Watchmen.
Diſeaſes more then *Jews* or *Dutchmen*,
Had next to theſe a wide Partition,
Within the Regions of Perdition.
Among the reſt *French Gonorrhea's*,
Were very courteous to *Æneas*.

Æneas

Æneas pull'd Hat o're his eyes,
Afraid of their discoveries.
The next they met with, were the Souls
Of doting, ill-tongu'd, babling Fools,
By *Leachery* to *Age* conducted,
Whom *Fear* with weak support protected.
Fear, *Want* and *Hunger* lead; both these
Wil make men swear the Moon's green Chese;
For, for bad Counsel th'have no fellows,
Friends unto none but to the Gallows.
Quoth *Hero* then, Dear honey Witch,
I scratch methinks where't does not itch.
With that she shew'd him hairie Crupper,
Of drowsie beetle-headed *Sopor*,
And dreadfull *Toy'e*, as you may conster,
Far uglier than *Serini*'s Monster.
With these a many dismal dozens
Of Mothers, Fathers, Uncles, Cousins;
All Hypocrites transform'd, that thought
Wry mouths and faces Heav'n had bought;

That

That outward Saint, and Devil within,
Was th'only Fullers-earth for ſin;
That *Durant*'s Waſh-balls could not ſcowr,
Like Malice ſteep'd in a long Pray'r.
Thouſands of *Amorous-Billet-Carriers*,
Cupids Fox-dogs, or rather Terriers;
Deep *Orange Molls*, and Midwives Deputies,
That for the Love-ſick ne're want remedies.
My *Ladies Secret-keepers*, Maids
In ſhew, but over-ridden Jades.
Both ends exhaling juſt alike,
Like Porters foul Tobacco-pipe.
Proud *Pedants*, old *Arſe-whipping Dunces*,
That nothing know but make great bounces;
Great *Thieves* that hang the little ones;
And *Dice-makers of Debtors bones*.
She brought him then into the Sties
Of Grilly black *Eumenides*:
Whoſe Snakie Curles, and Viper-wiggs
Had *Baſtwick* worn, 't had ſav'd his luggs:

Where

Where *Discord* lay, with *Dane*-red hair;
Such sights were ne're at *Southwark* Fair.
A little farther stood a tree,
If you and *Rider* can agree,
A perfect Elm, whose Fruit exotick
Were only dreams of wild Fanatick;
Of hair-brain'd Sects Enthusiasms,
Disturbing-Church-and-State Fantasms:
The *Fruit* was *Chymist idle trash*,
With *Lockiers Pills*, and *Trigs Hog-wash*:
The Gums within for all things mighty,
Spirit of Salt, and *'lixar Vitæ*.
For *Berries* it was wondrous happy,
For of the Berries men make *Coffee*.
Under the Branches, wot ye well,
When it rains Dogs and Cats in Hell,
The shelter'd *Centaurs* roar and yell;
Mounted on Monkeys, with their tayls
As closely shav'd as back of nayls.
Of *Dragons* a most hideous Rout,

Whose

Whoſe teeth like Lyons whelps hung out.
Three headed *Geryon*'s horrid Race,
With every one a Serjeants face.
Fierce *Gryphons* all with armed gumms,
More terrible than Sheriffs *Bumms*.
Gigantic *Jaylors*, men of Fury,
Briarean Turnkeys, Heav'n ſecure ye.
Of ſtrange *Chimæra*'s infinite ſhoals,
With *Gorgons heads* upon their tools.
Of *Harpyes*, or of *Scolding Whores*,
Some twenty thouſand thouſand ſcores.
Theſe villanous Countenances there
Made bold *Æneas* piſs for fear.
He laid his hand upon his hilt,
And on his brows pulls down his Felt;
Defend me now, quo he, dear Hanger:
But *Patient Griſel* ſtops his anger;
My Friend, quo ſhe, theſe Hobady-boodies
Are but fantaſtick, airie bodies,
Not to be ſlic'd like reaking Capon,

And

And therefore Son put up your weapon.
His rage for this was much the stronger,
Though some believ'd, 'twas rather hunger.
Quo he, now finding Victuals proper,
I'le have a *Gorgon*'s head to Supper;
With that he strook so fell a blow,
That had he hit, I know what I know.
But having miss'd, his Princely nose
Lay equal with his Princely toes.
At *Sybils* feet there lay *Æneas*,
Damning like ten *Pentheſilea*'s.
What means, quo he, my curſed Steel,
That I that ſtrook, the blow muſt feel?
The *Sybil* with amazement ſhreeks,
Shame take, quo ſhe, your hair-brain'd tricks,
'Tis well y'have got a good Protection;
Elſe you might find a worſe Correction.
Quo he, I crave your pardon Madam,
I know my length now to a fadom;
For he, compounded, *mente ſana*,

Of

Of Fury and of Patience, *Ana*,
Misfortune knew as well to flatter,
As with reproaches to beſpatter.
Quo he, 'tis well it is no worſe,
They that want Coyn, muſt ſhit in purſe.
This brunt thus over, they paſs on,
To gloomy banks of *Acheron*.
The mud that little pleas'd their noſes,
Smelt neither Jelſomines nor Roſes.
The reaſon why you do not hear,
Th' had any mind to angle there.
To this ſweet ſtream belongs a Ferry,
One *Charon* Maſter of the Wherry:
A beaſt of a moſt pleaſant ſtructure,
As by his ſhape you may conjecture.
His viſage ruſtie Pot-hooks hew,
Was neither black, nor brown, nor blew.
He wants no mirrour when he dreſſes,
But when he kembs his matted Treſſes,
He only uſes ſtead of Comb,

His four great fingers and his thumb,
Sometimes bedaub'd with wiping Bum.
The sweat that drops from brows so bestial,
His Beard receives with joy Celestial.
A Coco Nut like thread within,
Without cream'd over like a skin:
Which like a Leather Bottle hangs
Down to his breast from place of Fangs.
Instead of Girdle, round his reins
A Linsey-woolsey Gown he chains:
He's lean, but strong as *Hercules*;
(For Gods are always what they please)
There's ne're a Gally-slave in *Sally*,
When Pizzle notches back like Tally,
That pulls so strong, nor works so hard;
Yet nor for fear, nor yet reward.
Millions of Souls early and late,
Continually at Ferry wait;
Poor Souls that having bodies lost,
Look like shorn Squires in Blankets tost,

Or poor Whores pumpt in time of Froſt.
Higgledie piggledie, Whore and Chaſt,
The Miſer and the man of Waſt;
The Atheiſt and the Puritan,
The Beggar and the Gentleman;
The frolick Slut, and wilfull Maid,
With ſtrings and collars Apes to lead.
Have you e're ſeen in month *December*,
(I am deceiv'd, 'tis in *November*)
The wither'd Leaves how thick they lie,
Cov'ring the Fields both far and nigh.
Or have you e're in Summer ſeen
The ſwarms of Flyes both black and green
I think if any would but count 'um,
The falling leaves would not ſurmount 'um;
Or like the ſhoals of Teals and Ducks,
In Winter haunting Streams and Brooks:
Of *ſimiles*, here you ſee's a feaſt,
And therefore take which you like beſt.
For even ſo the Souls do throng

To

To *Ach'ron*, day and all night long.
For know at *Charons Temple-stairs*
'Tis always *Term*, and store of Fairs.
Were all that damn'd noise-making croud
But there, they need not bawl so loud
Next Oars, *next Sculler*, happy He
Could get a Boat for his money. (knows
But this same cross-grain'd Rogue, that
There's ne're a Boat but what he owes,
Seeing 'um come as thick as Hops,
He hunches some, and some he flops,
Not caring where his Stretcher lights;
The more they beg, the more he slights:
And more then that, there he must stand
Were he the best Lord in the Land.
Æneas though he could not ease 'um,
Of *tantum croudum*, *tantum pressum*,
Quoth he, Fair Dame what is the meaning?
Quoth she, all froppish terms refraining,
All these that here your Worship sees,

Are ſuch as could not pay their Fees
To Clark nor Prieſt, nor Bell to toll,
And ſo were thrown in any hole:
Poor Souldiers that in flying Tombs,
Lye buried in the Vultures wombs.
Others were murder'd, ſome devour'd,
By Wolves and Tigers over-power'd;
And all that for theſe many Luſters
To feed the Whales have gon in Cluſters:
And all that having hither ſtrayd,
Their Earthly reck'nings left unpaid.
But chiefly, thoſe were carry'd to Church,
Leaving their Sureties in the lurch.
Theſe are to have no reſt in Hell,
Till it on Earth with Bones be well.
They muſt attend a hundred years,
With Chatt'ring teeth, and Frozen ears:
Like More-hens and Didappers hid,
On ſhores of *Styx* they muſt abide;
That *Styx* ſo fam'd by All the Nine,

Hell's

Hell's Danow, or th'*Infernal Rhine*:
By which the God that idly swears,
Is Pillory'd and forfeits ears.
How Gods became so superstitious,
And Devils carefull of the vitious,
Or rather to their bones propitious,
You may go ask those Poaking Criticks,
That search Close-stools of Metaphysicks.
These things thus laid in *Hero*'s dish,
Æneas stood, mute as a Fish:
Like Merchant dampt with sudden loss.
Then making more then one large Cross,
(His wonted Zeal recovering heat)
Quo he, this Penance is too great,
And with the Devil's leave unjust;
For who'd not rather bones and dust
Should in a good warm Coffin lie,
Than be expos'd to open skie?
But what cares he what Laws he makes
For others, that himself all breaks?

As thus he'd needs, not knowing why,
Put finger in the Devils pye,
'Twixt rage and pity, mild and waſpiſh,
He ſpyes *Orontes* and *Licaſpis*;
Not more concern'd for loſs of Lives,
Then loſs of Hells Prerogatives:
Both drown'd at Sea, and by that flaw,
Within the laſh of Satans Law.
To ſee ſuch Friends was no ſmall grief,
And he was ſearching for relief;
But ere he well could rommage Fobb,
His grief receives another bobb:
For juſt at hand ſee *Palinurus*,
Shrugging his ſhoulders, Heav'n ſecure us,
All o're bedaub'd with mud and gravel,
With nothing rampant near his Navel.
Dear Friend, quo he, what mak'ſt thou here?
And art thou too a ſufferer?
Has *Phœbus* thus turn'd Cat in Pan?
Yet late he told me, Perjur'd man!

That

That thou wert safe as Thief in Mill,
And brisk in Seas as Conger Eel;
Should'st in a while arrive again
With us in Fields *Ausonian*:
Shame on his Harp and glittering hide,
Yet ne're before to me he ly'd.
Tell me then which of all the Gods
Thus dipt thee in the Brinie Sudds:
Some thin-soul'd Deity, Pox rot him,
I'le pawn my life, some Foot-boy got him.
Poor *Palinurus* answer'd, Sir,
Ye talk just like a Mad-man, for
The *Gazett* never told more truth,
Than did the bright *Latonian* Youth.
No god drown'd me, the Devil a bit,
Only your tongue runs fore your wit.
To tell you truth, I know not which
Was heaviest, my head or breech:
For either head my tayl out-weigh'd,
Or else my tayl o're-poiz'd my head:

Though moſt too blame I head believe;
For tayl could ne're ill Counſel give.
Howe're 'twas, in I dropt I'me ſure,
Sleep catching me, as *Moſs caught Mare.*
When I was in, I boldly ſwumm,
And but for Fiſh that nipt my Bum,
(Although I'de rather been at Steerage)
I neither loſt my hope nor courage.
At length with many Salt bedablings,
And ſome affronts of *Neptune*'s Crablings,
I got aſhore, and thought no harm,
When *Lucan Dogs* about me ſwarm;
And for my Cloaths, not worth a groat,
With Savage fury cut my throat:
And then with a *Good night Old Toby*,
Into the Sea they flung my body.
Thus came I here, nor better, nor worſe;
Lay Saddle then on the right Horſe.
Now then by all the Light on Earth,
By the fair womb that brought thee forth,

If

If *Lucans* ere in Corn be found,
Be sure thou put 'um in the Pound.
As for my self, what shall I do?
I blush to beg, though't be of you;
And would I steal, they're poor as *Job*;
And had I Gold, I ha' ne're a Fobb.
Oh pity then my weary bones!
You know I was your Pilot once;
Though by a fatal one time erring,
Now neither Fish nor good Red-herring.
You burnt *Misenus*, oh burn me,
For I am cold as *February*.
Or if it be, as people dream,
That you are passing Stygian stream,
Great Emperor of Living Souls,
Take my cold paw in your hot golls.
Let *Charon* with his Stretcher stretch me;
If I let go, the Devil fetch me:
That so at length your *Humble Mourner*
May rest in Satans Chimney Corner.

Æneas

Æneas fain would have been civil,
But --- *Marry Gap*, quo frumping *Sybil*,
You are too hasty, Gaffer Blow-nose:
Old Dotard you mistake the way;
The way to Hell is not through Sea.
Because your Captain has got leave
To pass the *Acherontick* wave,
(A thing has cost five hundred Marks,
To Secretaries and their Clarks)
You think that Fate must change her Laws,
All in good time, for your cold Paws?
Shall *Hero* lose his time and money,
And all to pleasure such a Ninny?
Friend stay your time; yet this is fair,
I'le send ye *Irish* Ruggs a pair:
And this I say, to chear your heart,
The *Lucans* since, and thank me for't,
Have wish'd their Stones in a cleft stick,
When they so rudely broke your neck.
I sent your Ghost to walk among 'um,

Till

Till they were ready to bedung 'um:
And plagu'd 'um with a *Wiltshire Drummer*,
Till they were forc'd to scowr and scummer.
To pinch their Maids I sent my Fairies;
And made their Pewter dance Canaries.
Your Body they shall burn eftsoons,
And in a Pipkin put your bones,
And bury't in a Stone-horse Mixen,
(They'd better do't, then anger Vixen)
This Mixen they shall wall about,
To keep the Hogs from Revel Rout,
And plant it round with Sycamores;
And when that's done, the Sons o' Whores
Shall call it *Palinurus* Hill;
And then you may go where you will.
Good *Palinure* contented thus,
Made a low legg, and hand did buss.
Æneas gave him a *French* Crown,
And lent him an old *Indian* Gown;
And so they parted as they met.

To

To ſtream as black as any jett
At length they came; for fear of fall,
Hero held faſt by Fardingale.
When *Charon* ſaw 'um, without flatt'ring,
Hoarſe as a Riggol, Beard beſpatt'ring,
Quo he, What *Don Quixot* comes here
Where only ſhades of men appear?
What Princock Knight with Sword and (Lance
So boldly dares to Boat advance?
What if the mighty *Hercules*,
That was a man all Aloes,
What if the mighty *Pirithous*,
And *Theſeus* once did o're-crow us?
That fell a hacking with their Backſwords
Cutting my Iron Chains like Whipcords:
Yet got they not, with their bravado's,
Sheer in, without ſome Baſtinado's.
Fellows more like in Taverns bred,
Then at the Gods own Tables fed.
Such rude *Belſwaggers*, all *Pickt-hatch*

Nor

Nor *Bear-garden* did ever match.
One, *Cerbr'us* took by all his Tayls,
And knockt his three heads 'gainſt the pales.
Another, cauſe he but cry'd *Ur* ——
'Twixt *Pluto*'s leggs thwackt the poor Curr.
Another hearing *Proſerpine*
Was in her Chamber Lying-in,
Run rudely up, breaks down the door,
Crying, I'le claw your tayl, ye Whore.
But *Proſerpine* beſtirr'd her claws,
And with her Busk ſo mark'd his jaws,
Beſides ſome luſtie Crupper kicks,
(For ſhe had always her Jades tricks)
As quickly cool'd his Martial vigor.
Pluto to me was full of rigor,
And bated me a Quarters wages,
All for the feats of thoſe *Salvages*.
Therefore, Sir Knight, return I ſay,
And ſeek Adventures where yon may;
By *Pluto* elſe I'le comb your Coxcomb,

With-

Without an Ivory or a Box-comb.
Ye mangie, ſtingie Friar *Bungey*,
Like teſtie Sexton on a Sunday,
Who do you ſpeak to? quo the *Sybil*,
This Gentleman's a worthy civil
Well-ſpoken man, beſhrew my heart,
As e're was wrapt in Holland Shirt:
He's no Swaſh-buckler, nor no Ranter,
Nor drunken *Park of Whetſtone* haunter:
The ſweeteſt Natur'd loving Chuck,
That ever handled Ladies Smock;
And therefore t'en't your Copper ſnout
Shall keep the Squire *Æneas* out;
Nor ne're a Turdy Jack-in-Office,
The beſt of y' all, take you good notice.
Æneas more compos'd in mind,
Gravely, quo he, my honeſt Friend,
If you regard not gentile aſpect,
Nor of my Cloaths the Velvet proſpect,
(And yet I know, that Lace and Garters,

Weigh

Weigh very much with L^d. Mayors Porters)
If good behaviour, good report,
Good breeding be not worth a Fart;
What think ye of a merry Spanker?
Quo *Charon*, then I'le weigh my Anchor.
With that the gentle Monsieur shews
His *golden Pippins*, and his *Bows*:
At sight of which, the driveling Lubber
Could nothing else but grin and slabber;
With such a force ran Rhumie stream,
That you'd a sworn it a Mill-dam.
When drivel once would let him speak,
He made a bow, made Chine-bone crack;
A scrape like Sergeant to a Judge,
Would ha' set *Castletons* teeth an edge.
May't please your Worship Squire, quo he,
So many *Princum Prancks* there be,
Pretenders to *Gentility*,
While every *Tom*, and every *Dick*,
Struts in his Ribbons upon Tick;

That

That, *an't like your Worſhip*, men of Worſhip
Like to *your Worſhips Worſhips Lordſhip*,
That worſhip miſs, which *an't like your Wor-*
We elſe ſhould give to true *Sen'orſhip*. (*ſhip*
An't pleaſe your Worſhip, I have ſeen
A Taylor like your Worſhip fine;
Now Lord and Taylor ſwear a like,
A like be-rogue us, then we ſtrike; (ble
For an't pleaſe your Worſhip, how is't poſſi-
Poor Slaves like us, ſhould be ſo docible
To know a Taylor from a Lord, (Sword
Same Cloaths, ſame Lace, ſame Belt, ſame
Alas! an't pleaſe your Worſhip, we
Have nothing elſe but the bountie
Of men of Worſhip, ſuch as ye.
I hope your Worſhip will paſs by
What I have done unmannerly;
Your Worſhip knows that in our places,
We cannot well diſtinguiſh faces.
Then turning to the Croud; quo he,

Pox

Pox take your bawling throats for me,
I'le make this day a Holiday;
I'le carry not one more I say,
Unless the Squire's good Worship, and
His Lady Mother, by this hand.
All that were in, he then turn'd out,
And with a Mopp he wash'd his Boat;
Ye six-penny Jades and Rogues, quo he,
What! go with Persons of Quality?
Two Cushions then of Taylors thrums,
He fetcht to ease their tender Bums;
Set up his Back-board very spruce,
And brought out Tilt, for fear of use:
For I shall be upon the Fret,
Quo he, to see your Worship wet.
Now being seated in the Boat,
He lent the Lady his old Coat,
Who presently set up her throat;
And reason good, for the thin Wherry
Accustom'd only Souls to Ferry,

(Of which ten Millions, th'are ſo light,
Make but a pound, and that *Troy* weight;
Five thouſand, ſay the Criticks quaint,
Will ſtand upon a Needles point:)
Now with a brace of Bodies preſt,
One all in Armour Back and Breaſt,
And Life-guard Boots up to his twiſt,
With *Golden Pippins* pocket full;
The other a fat boſſie Trull,
Whoſe Buttocks weigh'd full out a Stone,
Setting aſide her huge Ache-bone.
The Boat I ſay thus preſs'd with weight,
In twenty places 'gan to ſplit:
'Twas time to ſqueek, for Lady watchet
Car'd not for *Styx* ſo near her Placket.
Æneas ſeeing wave ſo high
Of Stygian Ink, began to cry
'Slife, we ſhall drink it by and by.
The Ferry titter-totter went,
And therefore in a Complement,

He

He gripes, for fear of tumbling in,
The Arm-holes of his Swatterkin.
Charon from one in t other extreme,
In humour still as soft as Cream,
Quo he, Fear nothing gentle Monsieur,
My life for yours, both safe anon Sir;
'Twas as he said: For Stygian Lands
And Stygian Ferry streight shake hands.
Æneas nimbly skipt ashore;
But the fat lazie *Sybil* whore,
Whether her feet were wet and cold,
Or whether 'twere that she was old,
Or whether *Hero*, now a
For joy, his Manners had forgot;
But how it came it matters not,
For come it did, and thus it come,
That she fell down and shew'd her Bum:
Up flew her Coats, as she fell down,
(She'd better ha' given half a Crown)
Displaying pair of Nasty Buttocks,

Yellow as Gold, but black as Pot-hooks.
The firſt was only Aſcititious,
A certain Treacle, ſcarce delicious,
Bedawbing Fortune-tellers tail,
When heart in Boat began to fail.
The latter was their natural hue:
Æneas ſeeing goodly ſhew,
Was preſs'd to laugh; but yet for fear
To Lady laughter ſhould appear,
Held fingers juſt before his Noſe,
Like Maids when men Trapſtick diſcloſe.
Æneas taught by this diſaſter
All was not Gold that made a gliſter,
The reſt, like man of Education,
Buried in mental reſervation.
Hard by, not ſtrew'd with Bawm nor Fennel,
Was *Cerberus*'s naſtie Kennel;
This Curr was *Proſerpines* Lap-dogg,
She comb'd and flea'd his horrid ſhagg;
Yet ſeeing chief of *Trojan* Peers,

The

The Songs he sang were not *Laneirs*;
So loud the furious Monster bayes,
Hell eccho'd with his fa-la-la's.
But Madam, who knew all the slights
That Coblers use, when Mad worm bites,
By prudent foresight, in a Bottle
Had brought a Posset of a pottle,
Of Opium made, and Gunpowder,
Sweetned with Honey for the Curr.
He had no sooner lickt it up,
But down he fell in Kennel, swopp. ——
Quo *Hero*, when that same he saw,
Now for the nine points of the Law,
I mean possession; and with that
He flew to seize upon the gate.
And thus, the Suburbs past, they got
Into Hells City by a Plot.
For make but an old Bawd your Crony,
You'l make the Devil a meer Tony.
The first sad sounds their ears salute,

Were Infants cryes that were not mute;
Such as had been, to ſave expence,
Chriſten'd and Buried both at once,
In Privies drowned by the Mother,
Who ſhame to hide, the Children ſmother.
Next there were ſome in years, confin'd,
Whom Juſtice, or the Judge as blind,
Perhaps becauſe he was no Scholar,
Had in his Liquor hang'd, or Choler.
And all that had been made Anatomies,
By Perj'ry brought to ſay their Litanies:
All your vain-glorious Heads of Factions,
Plot-wrights, and Weavers of Diſtractions;
(Who, cauſe on Earth ſo turbulent,
To Hell in halters had been ſent:)
All Heirs of Kingdoms hugger-mugger'd,
And private ones by 'xtortion begger'd:
To *Minos* they lay ope their breaſts,
Chief *Maſter* of the *Devils Requeſts*;
He takes a note of all their Crimes,

Examines

Examines how they ſpent their times,
Takes their *Petitions* and their money,
And all to cleanſe his back-ſide honey:
For why, Great Dignity requires
Such men as he ſhould wipe with Quires.
Many a *Splitter of the Law*,
Traytors to Clients, there he ſaw.
Revenge is ſweet, for now the Rats
Th'had ſtarv'd before, feed on their guts;
While *Injur'd Client*, their green Baggs
Beſtirs about their Leathern luggs.
Like the Sea-Sands in numerous ſhoals,
Next were diſcover'd Female Souls;
Such whoſe inſatiate furious Luſt
All bounds of Modeſty had paſt;
Such as would have their buſineſs don,
Although the Hen-peckt Fool look'd on;
While Gallants come in Kinſmen's ſhape
The hot Adultereſs to jape:
Now every one tormented lyes,

Long burning Charcoal 'twixt her thighs;
All forc'd to ſtir, by Fate's commands,
The flaming Dildo's with their hands.
Next theſe a crew of Sullen wights,
That only 'cauſe the Maggot bites,
Will needs take Pepper i' the noſe
'Gainſt their own lives; ſtreight *Richard* goes
And *Tompſon* kills; he that ſcarce dares
Fight a dead Rat, a living fears.
Cheap Bravo for a Boatle Scotch,
Shall his own throat, like Tally, notch.
'Mong theſe were ſeen the muddie frie,
So much in Love, they love to die;
That having miſs'd the flower of *Briſtol*,
Nothing will ſerve but Sword or Piſtol:
Or wanting ſtab in ſtabbing part,
Will needs go ſtab her ſelf to th' heart.
Among the crowd of theſe mad Martyrs
Was *Phædra*, hang'd in her own Garters.
Fair *Procris* that did ſobb and roar

For

For death of swinging Blackamore.
Evadne all in Mulligrubbs
For her spruce *Ushers* gingombobbs.
Pasiphae with broken heart,
For a meer Bull's engendring part.
Erisiphell that for a Locket,
Had cuckolded the *Grecian Prophet.*
Laodamia for a Porter
So sad, that nothing cou'd comfort her.
Ceneus that had both Sexes try'd,
But now, cause she was neither, cry'd.
How *Virgil* else came to think of her,
It past my Learning to discover.
Among the rest, to *Hero*'s grief,
Was *Dido* smelling like Hung-beef:
For from the Embers of her nock
There issu'd still an ugly smoak.
Æneas would have rather seen
The Devil and his Dam, I ween:
Had I, quo he, ten thousand Dunns,

I'd

I'd rather met 'um all at once.
But when he ſaw no lurking place,
He ſummons up his Brazen face;
Madam, quo he, would I were damn'd
If you don't make me quite aſham'd:
Yet Faſhion of the world is ſo,
When turn is ſerv'd, then kiſs my toe;
Though when I heard of your miſhap,
And how you dy'd of ſuch a Clap,
I ſearch'd my Breeches, ſure quo I,
Æneas, thou wer't not guilty;
For I am ſound as any Roach,
If you miſdoubt, try t'other touch.
O then quo I, brim full of woe,
I'le follow her where e're ſhe go:
And had I now not lov'd ye well
Think you I'de e're ha' come to Hell?
Only to viſit gentle *Dido*,
So help me *Jove*, and bright *Cupido*.
Think you that I ſhall e're forget

The

The many good meals I have eat?
How I in Kitchin rul'd the Roaſt,
And for a Haſh but over-ſauc'd,
Have churn'd the Cook till from his Bum
I made the yellow Butter come.
At board thus entertain'd, at night,
O Heav'ns! what charms did me invite!
And think you I'de ha' left my poking
So like a Nick-a-poop for nothing?
Oh Madam ſomething 'twas no doubt,
Cat winkt when both her eyes were out.
By all the Stars, by thoſe above,
If any truth on Earth do move,
I had not left your ſweet Embraces,
Had not the Gods, ſhame take their faces,
Hurri'd me thence, like man that tarries
In fear of Sheriff's Janizaries.
They laid their poxt commands upon me,
Bid me be gon, or they'd ne're own me.
Did you but know what tears I ſhed,

Re-

Remembring kindneſs of your Bed;
How many nights I ſpent to frame
Forc'd Anagrams upon your Name;
How many Barks of ſtately Aſhes,
My Knife has hack'd with Love-ſick ſlaſhes,
All in remembrance of your thighs,
You would not ſay, I tell ye Lyes.
Whither ſo faſt? ſtay gentle Dame:
But *Dido* feeling ſtill the flame,
Fierce as a Scold to Ale-houſe come,
To fetch her drunken Husband home,
Gave him a look, that through eye-hole
Pierc'd from his brows quite through his Pole;
Troubled no more at all his moan,
Then Magnet Rock, or hard Flint-ſtone;
But making Horns, and letting Fart,
Away ſhe dings from old Sweet-heart:
For ſhe had got another Booby,
Sychæus hight, to jerk her Toby.
Æneas glad the ſtorm was over,

Wip'd

Wip'd from his cheeks the slibber slabber;
For though he outwardly did grieve,
Yet inwardly he laugh'd in's sleeve:
Beshrew my heart, the *Lybian* storm,
Quo he, ne're did me half the harm;
For I have sweat and cry'd so much,
I'me e'en as dry, as Wood call'd *Touch.*
From thence he came unto the place,
Where muster'd lay the *Martial Race*:
Such as make Frays to force young sinner
Into a Composition Dinner;
Or urge the Duel, to provoke
The promise of a Chamlet Cloak.
Captains and *Majors*, huffing, smoaking,
Confounding, damming, drinking, joking;
Ratling the Dice, while thred-bare Sword-man
Cryes out, a third man, hei --- a third man.
They talk'd of nothing else but slashing,
Cutting, hacking, hewing, swashing:
Less was the noise when *Bajazet*

And

And *Tamerlain*'s two Armies met.
Their very tongues were all Backſwords,
Their mouths were Canons, Bullets, words.
'Mong theſe *Parthenopæus* hight,
And *Tydeus* eke, that furious wight;
Adraſtus too, that at one blow
Cut ſixſcore *Greeks* heads off arow:
Among the reſt *Moll Cut-purſe* mingled;
They lov'd her, 'cauſe her Pockets gingled.
Streight he perceives his old acquaintance,
Not talking tittle of Repentance,
But over their half-pots of Ale
Telling this ſtory, and t'other tale.
Collonel Glaucus, Hacker mighty,
Sarpedon buzz'd with *Aqua vitæ*:
Antenor's Sons, and churliſh *Medon*,
That if the Drawers vext 'um, ſtead 'um.
Terpſitochus, and *Polibetes*,
Both good at blows, but not for Treaties:
A Car-man durſt as well be poxt

As

As shew his face, when they were foxt.
Old *Priam*'s *Coachman* next appear'd,
With Livery, Whip, and yard long Beard;
For Masters sake, they cry'd, *debauche man*,
Quo they, *Love me and love my Coachman.*
All these had *Helen*'s tayl sent packing,
while they maintain'd her wanton smacking.
Captain, quo they, come take a Noggin;
But he reply'd, I must be jogging:
His tears began to fall like hail,
To see the jerks of woman's tail;
So many men in such disgrace,
And all for a Whores pissing place.
At length among the *Greeks* he struts,
Brave *Agamemnon* and his Trouts;
Who hearing such a fearfull racket
Made by the *Hero*'s Iron Jacket,
They fell a staring like Red Deer;
I'the Devils name, quo they, what's here?
Hero advances still, but they

Fling

Fling down their Armes, and run away;
Dead Lions durſt not ſhew their face,
When living Dogs are in the place.
They knew how guilty they had been
Of thraſhing his Celeſtial ſkin,
And thought he now would pay their ſcores
For all his bruiſes and his ſoars;
Or elſe make them his Bills diſcharge
For Surgeons Salyes, and Doctors Purge:
Which they might well expect to be
Long as a *Spaniards* Pedigree.
Elſe why ſo fearfull, more then others,
Is that which *Virgil* wholly ſmothers.
Streight he eſpyes th' Illuſtrious
And high-born Prince *Deiphobus*,
Clad at the rate, to ſpeak impartially,
Of the poor Pris'ners in the *Marſhalſey*:
His Noſtrils of their fleſh bereav'd,
(And then the cauſe is ſoon conceiv'd)
Shew'd you his Memory's Lodging Chamber,
His

His head, that once you might remember
For Comlineſs exceeded many-a-one,
A tawnie bald St. *Omers* Onyon.
Nothing but ſtumps of Armes remain'd;
His brows with clotted gore beſtain'd:
And for to ſhew that for no good
He oft had in the Pillory ſtood,
Men from his head had ſhav'd his Ears,
As cloſe as death had ſhav'd his hairs.
Aſham'd of theſe his miſeries,
He turns his Arſe to *Hero*'s eyes;
Ah dear *Deiphobus*, quo he,
What Sons of Whores thus mangled thee?
Do they thus pinck in this ſame place
The top of all the *Trojan* Race?
Had Car-man daſh'd my Linnen cleanly,
I would have us'd him more ſerenely.
If 'twere the Surgeons roguerie,
Say who it was, I'le make him flee
His Country and his Pedigree.

I thought thee dead, but not ſo mangled,
As they had for thy Members wrangled.
I ſearch'd among the ſlaughter'd rout,
But ſince I could not find thee out,
I built for thee an empty Tomb;
Call'd thy Ghoſt thrice, but 'twould not (come
The Monument ſtill bears thy Name,
Thy Armes are ſafe within the ſame;
If uſe at any time do crave 'um,
Send Foot-boy for 'um, you may have 'um
Dear Lord and Maſter, how am I
Endebted to your Courteſie;
Thus *Deiphobus* did reply:
I am aſſur'd 'twas not your duty
T' oblige a man not worth your ſhoe-tie;
But you, alas! a Bed may lye,
Your Name is up for Charity.
You know how I in a Fegary
Muſt needs that charming Piſs-tail marry:
Why ſhe it was, that Whore my wife

That

That robb'd me of my fame and life.
Wou'd *Jove*, that trod in shape of Gander
The Goose her Mother, Hell confound her,
Had had his pate slic'd by some Poulterer;
How Paste would ha' become th'Adulterer!
Or had some Spaniel suck'd the Eggs
That hatch'd her handsome face and leggs:
I had been happy, missing Spouse
Fit only for the damn'd Gal—lows.
O that that day the Hangman Priest
The Nuptial knot had there made fast!
For the last night, poor I did snore
In the false bosom of the whore,
The *Grecian Mare*, without the help
Of Midwife, did our ruine * whelp.
This Jade not ign'rant of the Plot,
On top of all the House had got;
And there pretending great Devotions,
With Flambeau, made designed motions;
Thereby, like a disloyal Spittle,

* *Poetical licence may excuse the expression.*

Hoping to pleaſe th' *enraged Wittal.*
This was not all, but in the Night,
Pretending how ſhe went to ſh ——;
She takes my Armes and truſty Scymetar,
And hides 'um in the Earths diameter:
For there they had as good ha' been,
As not at hand, when Foe came in.
Then in her Slippers and her Smock
Down ſtairs ſhe goes, doors to unlock;
While I loud ſnoaring like a Pigg,
Weary with humming her black guigg,
Was ſtreight ſurpriz'd; and being ſurpriz'd
Diſarm'd and naked, haſh'd and ſlic'd
Juſt as you ſee: that ſcoundrel Baſtard
Ulyſſes, ſeeing me ſo maſter'd,
Faint-hearted Dog with all his art
Heart'ning his Hounds to tear my heart:
Thus I came here, diſmembred creature,
Having no ſubſtance, nor yet feature.
But you whoſe Armes do both environ,

Like

Like Heater hot in Smoothing-iron;
What makes you come so like a Fool,
Like unbid Guest, without your stool.
Quo *Hero*, Friend give you an inch,
And rudely you an ell will pinch:
You are too saucy, not now living,
To ask th' affairs of the surviving:
Nay I must tell ye, men alive
Grow irksom, when inquisitive.
Quo *Sybil*, weary of his chatting,
What will you never leave your prating?
Must I stand waiting here thus weary,
To hear your tales of *Canterbury*?
While you with every Shackatory,
Stand holding idle Gossips story;
Behold how fast the Sun Caroaches,
At *Amesbury* to tipple loaches:
Within this hour in *Plimouth* Bay,
He'l bid good night to Southern Day:
For I can tell, t hat ne're use Watches.

Here you may ſee, if eyes be matches,
How the road parts three ſeveral wayes;
Why ſtands your Grace in ſuch a maze?
That which the right hand doth diſcover,
Directly leads to *Pluto*'s Loure;
T' *Elyſium* this the path doth ſhew,
Whither, God willing, we muſt go.
This laſt leads to the Common Jayls,
Foul Caverns made for Criminals,
Where thouſand gluttons back and tayls,
By rugged Hangmen full of rancour,
Are ſcourg'd untill their Buttocks canker.
At this rebuke poor *Deiphobe*,
Having receiv'd ſo dry a bobb,
Like a young Beggar twice deny'd,
His tatter'd members went to hide:
Elſe, ſure as he was void of life,
Sybil had pull'd him by the Coife.
As he was marching, mumbling low,
Heav'ns proſper ye, where e're ye go,

With

With better luck then mine, dear Friend,
To bring ye to your Journeys end.
As *Hero* cast a Sheeps-eye after him,
Curſing the Rogues that did ſo ſlaughter (him
Behold a Caſtle large and wide,
With Adamant Bulwarks fortify'd.
In vain the Gods themſelves might think,
Although in guts a Tun of drink,
By piſſing all together there,
To make a pin-hole in a year.
About it Phlegetontick ſtream,
Whoſe waves are a Sulphureous Cream,
That with a horrid roaring rowls,
Inſtead of Sand, o're burning coals.
This Caſtle is ſo wondrous high,
(Now Devil help me with a Lye)
That up t' Infernal Roof it marches
Twelve hundred thouſand million Perches;
And would the Verſe have giv'n me room,
It ſhould have gon beyond the Moon.

Juſt at the Gate an old Hagg ſtood,
With Dowlaſs Smock all over blood:
No Porter to a Fav'rite Lord
Was ere ſo fell, upon my word.
Whoever comes, ſhe has a Clubb,
With which ſhe gives him pockie rubb;
'Tis bad being Knighted with her dubb:
For ſhe'l not wear a Porters Gown,
For fear of cumb'ring her Batoon.
Her Girdle only fit for murder,
Like Twiſt of the *Franciſcan* Order:
A certain knottie Cat-a-nine-tails,
With which ſhe ferks the poor ſouls entrails.
A ſtrange confuſion fill'd the place,
(For *Bolton* bates 'um not an ace)
Of cutting, hacking, hewing, ſlapping, (ping;
Chains ratling, thumping, bumping, ſtrap-
Hands-wringing, ſobbing, ſnobbing, howl-
Lamenting, ſhrieking, cater wauling. (ing,
Æneas ſtood, ſo did his hairs,

Having

Having for fear forsook his ears.
Quo he, what means this horrid garboyl,
That thus my dropping loins doth parboyl?
Hast thou here brought me, with a witness,
To get my bane by Sweating-sickness?
May't please your Honour then, quo she,
When my good Mistress *Hecate*
In love and kindness eke, so fervent,
To me as to her eldest Servant,
Of * Closet, Cellar, and of Pantrie,
Made me her trusty Governante
Of all my Master *Pluto*'s Tacticks,
I soon got Theorie, and Practicks.
Here Tyrant *Rhadamanthus* reigns,
Furnish'd with Scourges, Racks, and Chains;
Domitian, *Julian*, *Turk*, nor *Tartar*,
Were e're so cruel by a quarter;
No common *Dutchmen* in a Hurry
Did ever rage with so much fury:
For Hangman He, and Judge like them,

* *Locis præfecit avernis.*

Doth

Doth execute, and then condemn.
The Inquiſition and *Scotch* Claſſis,
To *Rhadamanthus* are but Aſſes;
Continually both day and night
They hang, and drown, and flea, and ſlit;
And toaſt, and roaſt, and broyl, and boyl,
And puff, and huff, and toyl, and moyl:
And draw, and ſaw, and chop, and mince,
While Bodies roar, and kick, and wince.
From Caſtle ſome in Barrels rumble,
Re-mounted ſtrait for t'other tumble;
And ſkins to be re-flea'd, moſt true,
Ere they can whet their knives, renew.
The fire with natural fury fumes,
It burns, but body ne're conſumes;
When gridled fleſh like bright Cole-glimmers,
Like Smiths they thraſh it with their Hammers;
And having ſopp'd it in the water,
Return it back, without a Ha-Cor.
Yet leſt they ſhould be diſcontented,

Tor-

Tormentors are alike tormented.
More cruel then, than *Whipping Tom*,
The Jew *Tisiphone* doth come,
And with a whip of twisted Snakes,
Of howling Convicts claws the backs;
The Snakes take hold at every slash,
And bring away a gobb of flesh.
Then cruel bands of *Sister Imps*
She calls, all flat-nos'd, blear-ey'd Pimps;
That with their Frumps and Alley-gibes,
More pierce poor Souls than with their stripes.
All this doth *Rhadamanth* behold
With heart, like that of *Mistress*, cold;
Smoaking the while a whole Patacco
Of gridled skins, stead of Tobacco.
The gray *Enchantress* scarce had spoken,
When, Bounce ---- the Brazen-gates flew open.
See there, quo she, i' th' Devils name,
Those fifty heads that vomit flame.
Quoth he, that sight I don't admire,

I've

I've ſeen a *German* vomit fire.
Quoth ſhe, this Beaſt ycleped *Hydra*,
Of this ſame Garriſon ſo wide-a
Is th' ever-waking Sentinel;
And ſo indeed ſhe may be well;
For one head ſleeps, while t'other watches,
That there's no 'ſcaping of her Clutches.
There's *Tartarus*, pray mark it well,
Deſcending down as deep in Hell,
As 'tis from Hell where *Jove* inhabits;
A hundred thouſand thouſand Cubits.
Down at the bottom of this pit
Titanian Boys their fingers bite;
For theſe ſame ſhatter-brain'd Snap-dragons
Would needs ſcale Heaven in their flaggons,
So thick and threefold up they go;
But *Jove* had a good friend below,
That prudently ſo order'd matters,
That with a jerk he turn'd the Ladders.
The two *Alcides*, topping Royſters,

That

That swore they'd make the Gods eat Oy-
The shells and all; and cause that they (sters,
Refus'd such Scoundrels to obey,
They in a fury without flattering,
Heav'ns orient windows fell a battering,
With Stones as big as their own B——,
And those, they say, were just like Hillocks.
There lyes *Salmoneus*, that Bravado,
Half Morter-piece and half Granado;
With Pease and Beans he cramming guts,
And guzzling Bottle-Ale in Fats; (der;
Loud thundring *Jove* thought to out-thun-
But *Jove* with Seed of Coriander,
Forcing the wind more fiercely out,
At his own weapons beat the Lout.
And there the Devil of a sinner,
Another Lobcock, just like *Venner*,
Hog-Mogen *Tityon* lyes in state,
Cov'ring at once a Knights Estate.
'Tis an ill wind blows nothing good,

For

For lo a Bird of rav'nous brood;
By the fair Shift upon his breaſt,
Makes a continual Sheriffs feaſt:
And now the fool finds his Minority
Well taught for kicking 'gainſt Authority.
Ixion with a ſcabby Nutt,
With *Juno* needs would go to Rutt:
Juno at firſt was well content,
Till finding heat of Excrement;
Traytor to all the Gods, quo ſhe,
Had ye no Whore to Clap but me?
With that *Jove* took him by the Navel,
And flung him head-long to the Devil.
There *Pirithous* lyes, and why?
Becauſe he gave great *Jove* the Lye:
In Poud'ring-tub, as in a Vault,
All cover'd over with Bay-Salt.
There *Tantalus* with ſmall content,
Is forc'd to keep perpetual *Lent*:
A greedy ſhameleſs hungry glutton,

Tor-

Tormented worse than *Ruwart Putten.*
He robb'd *Jove*'s Pear-trees, in his breeches
Carrying away his Plumbs and Peaches:
And always so be-plagu'd his Pantry,
As forc'd him there to set a Centry.
At length *Jove* caught him with a trap;
And now he has the sad mishap,
Always to see a Table spread,
Good Beef, good Wine, good Cheese, good Bread;
But when he reaches to the Sauce,
A huge great Fury raps his paws.
Here *Hasterigg* and *Pym* lye close,
Just so deluded in their tast,
For setting up Seditious Fast.
With them in the self-same condition
Are Parasites, men of Perdition:
Your scraping smell-feasts lye with these,
All full of mites as mouldy Cheese:
With Sons to Parents disobedient,
Lye Stepdames, a most vile Ingredient:

A certain vip'rous Animal,
Which if Hell han't, 'twill have 'um all.
Many a Country-man of Lot,
Ye cannot touch 'um, they're ſo hot,
Much troubled with the Piles, for which
With liquid fire they 'noint their breech.
There *Theſeus* ſits, and ſhall ſit there
Untill his Arſe grow to the Chair:
For *Pluto* cares no more for *Theſeus*,
Than we for Cloſe-ſtool where we eaſe us.
Now like a Saint there preaches *Phlegius*,
His Sermons long, and very tedious:
Juſt ſuch as Country Parſons make,
The people, few or none awake.
Fear God, he cryes; 'twas very well:
But to what purpoſe ſaid in Hell?
There to make Sermons ſo Divine,
Was but to caſt Pearl before Swine.
See here, quo he, — what is the matter?
A man that would ha' ſ—— his Daughter:

Nay

Nay if the Tony once confeſs,
Let him be hang'd; that's a plain caſe.
The *Lapithæ* I'ad quite forgot,
Yet they lye there too piping hot:
Theſe were a ſort of bold Horſe-riders,
That hated *Centaurs* juſt like Spiders;
And to ſay truth, of former times
They were the *Guelphs* and *Ghibellines*.
With theſe, in like predicament,
Ill Neighbours lye, that Freys foment;
Back-biting Goſſips, never well
But when they have a tale to tell.
Men that make right to left hand ſkink,
Drunk by themſelves, for love oth' drink.
Litigious Parſons, ſtill in Law
For a few Apples, or Tithe-ſtraw.
All that in Pulpits ſow the Seeds
Of tumult, and of broken heads;
Among the reſt there lyes in fetters,
The Chief of *Engliſh* Rogues, *Hugh Peters*,

With neck awry, and ſhav'd below,
After the *Turkiſh* mode, I trow.
Of later times they ty'd his tongue;
For what with Pray'rs and Sermons long,
And *Rad'manth*'s Tyranny to boot,
H' had like to ha' made a heavy rout. (one
There headleſs *Vane*, that ne're did value
Lyes belching Diſcord and Rebellion.
Here *Harriſon* doth howling keep,
That *Rhadamanth* can hardly ſleep; (tails
Which grim Judge hearing, ſends his bob-
To comb his tawnie ſkin with Hob-nails.
There *Scot* lyes moping, poiſonous Weeſels
Gnawing his fingers to the griſtles;
For taking Sermons with ſhort-hand,
And all the while his P— would ſtand.
There *Bradſhaw* lyes, in a Symarr
Of burning Canvaſs, lin'd with Tarr;
With Quartan Ague wyar-drawn,
As ſmall as tender thread of Lawn:

For

For wch they give him draughts of Brimstone,
In flaming oyl thick crum'd with Limestone.
See ye another lying there?
Whose flesh a hundred Furies tear
With red-hot Pincers, while the gap
With liquid glass is streight fill'd up.
His limbs thus ordered, by and by
To six wild Horses tails they tye,
Which they, his lashes well remembring,
Now rend and tear without dissembling;
Or to say truth, there's scarce an hour
But that they shift his pangs so sowr:
For why, they hold it necessary,
His torments like his crimes to vary.
This is that Devil of a Devil,
Whose Noddle was the Mint of evil,
Cromwell himself; Gyants, to him
Did but like Rats the Gods contemn;
A hundred-hearted *Briareus*,
Did murder *Jove* in his own house:

And then Uſurp'd his God-like power.
Not far from him, the Houſe call'd *Lower*
Of late inteſtine Diſcord-hatchers,
A race of Saint-appearing Leachers,
Lye buried in the ſearing flames
Of twenty thouſand thouſand Reams
Of Ordinances, Votes, and Orders,
Petitions ſlighted, Bills for Murders,
Huge Volumes of *Smectymnuus*,
With *Civicus*, *Britannicus*,
And *Walker*'s weekly Legend-ſtories,
Pil'd upon heaps of *Directories*.
Should I relate the horrid Crimes
All puniſh'd in theſe horrid Climes,
'Twould aſk ten thouſand Goſſips tongues,
And twenty thouſand Midwives Lungs;
A wind ſo laſting, to out-puff
Swift *Jemmy*, or the *Croyden* Chuff;
Or elſe to weary thirty ſcore
Long-winded Parſons, and ten more;

John

John Lilburn's bawling Eloquence,
An idle Player's diligence,
A Canons voice, a Scullers note,
And *Buy my quartern o' Gudgeons* throat.
Sybil with these Hyperbolies
Half tyr'd, quo she, let this suffice
Concerning suffering Criminals;
And now behold those Iron walls
Of *Sussex* Cyclops rear'd so high:
If I can see 'um let me dye,
Quo *Hero* then; but she replyes,
What must I find ye walls, and eyes?
Come, come, quo she, give me your hand,
Let's hasten to our Journeys end;
Take up your heels, and run a bit,
With head a mile before your wit.
He that in these dark holes of Hell
Sees his Nose length, sees very well;
Ay, quoth *Æneas*, for all that,
Wish I had the eyes of Cat,

I mean like thine, for Cat or Witch,
Are but the ſame, like *Jews* or *Dutch*.
With that ſhe leads him a dog-trot,
Holding him by the you know what,
Untill he came to wall ſo good,
Where pot of Holy-water ſtood.
Æneas waſh'd his beard and eyes:
And then, where's *Proſerpine*? he cryes:
I've for her here a diſh of Codlins, (lins
Which I have brought through all the Gob
But a bold *Swiſs*, with Ale half dizzie,
Told him in plain terms, ſhe was buſie;
For ſhe had been all night at Gleek,
And would not riſe to every *Dick*.
The *Sybil* call'd him ſawcy *Jack*;
But *Switzer* bid her kiſs his nock:
Quo *Hero* then, 'twas here the God
Commanded me to leave my load;
And here I'le hang it on a tack:
If here it hang when I come back,

I'l

I'le carry't home, and then your Princess
May e'en go hang for want of Quinces.
This having said, and done his duty
To the great *Mauritanian* beauty,
They came to the capacious High-lands,
That always look like *Summer-Islands*;
Trees always green, and full of Cherries,
The Fields all cover'd with Strawberries,
So luscious; — and then for their growth,
Just like Pomewaters on my oath.
Their common bread is Naples-bisket,
And all may have it, that will ask it:
For there be no deceitful Bakers,
Nor no exacting Comfet-makers.
For Children, Sugar-Plums and Cakes
Within their reach grow upon Brakes.
Here no expensive Longing Wives,
Shall Husbands weary out o' their lives;
No *this I want*, nor *this I lack*,
Can bring a Merchant here to break;

For women here have what they pleaſe,
All the year long green Fruit and Peaſe:
All clad alike, no differences
Of richer Poynts, t' inrage their ſences;
No Taylors fancies, night and morning
To ſpoil their Pray'rs, and cauſe heart-burning;
Nay I am told, nor can deny it,
As th' only means to keep 'um quiet,
That Gowns as brave as any are,
On ev'ry hedge grow common here.
No Maids for want of Portions tarry,
But being all handſome, quickly marry:
Let 'um eat Chalk, or Cinders here,
'Tis all ſo good, they're as they were.
Then what need Prentice rob his Maſter!
Lad — do but aſk here, and thou haſt her.
Men never purchaſe Honours here,
Nor need to lace their Names with *Sir*;
Not an Attorney to be ſeen,
Neither the *Temples*, nor *Grays-Inne*:

No

No formal Dunces hither come,
With Sermons steep'd in Opium:
No Rhumes the Lungs of men invade,
Requiring *Pierce*, or *Buckworth*'s aid:
No plaister'd Posts, nor boasting Quacks,
To set your bodies upon racks:
No 'strologers with Schems and Tables,
And heav'nly *Popes-head-alley* baubles;
No Vintner here his Wine debaushes
With rotten Eggs, and thick Molosses.
Their Hedges here are Rosemary
And Lawrel-trees, that never dye;
Their Bowrs are sweetest Eglantine,
Or else the always-cluster'd Vine.
And in the Dog-dayes, truth to tell,
They bath in streams of Muscadell.
On backs or bellies all can swimm,
And dive when e're it pleases them:
And if their appetites be sharp,
Put but their hands down, there's stew'd Carp;

Or

Or elſe as they their whiſtles vary,
(For longer ne're they need to tarry)
Whole ſhoals of Salmons ready dreſt,
With Trout and Perch ſtreight make a feaſt.
If Fowl they want, with Bird-calls ſtreight
(For Nets are out of faſhion quite)
Down come the ready roaſted Quails,
Pheaſant and Partridge, Ducks and Teals.
The Buſtards ſhie, their ſervice offer,
Together with the wary Plover.
What pleaſure they on Earth affected,
Here they may take it, uncorrected,
According to their ſeveral fancies;
They that love reading, read Romances:
They that love wraſtling on the Graſs,
Give Girl Green-gown, then clap her Arſe;
While others on the Ruddie Sand,
With Manlier innocence contend.
Some read the Queen of *Navarrs* Novels,
While others are for Maſques and Revels:

Maids

Maids treat their Sweet-hearts with Sack-poſ-
(Not ſtollen from their Miſtreſs Cloſets)(ſets,
With Damſon Tarts, and clouted Cream,
While mirth advances wanton Theam:
And then to Queſtions and Commands,
And ſmutting pretty face and hands.
They that love eating, eat like Midwives;
They that love drinking, drink like Fiſh-
The Hunter hunts, the Bowler bowls,(wives.
The Archer ſhoots, the Droller drols;
The Singer ſings *Tra nony nony*,
They neither pleaſure want, nor money:
In brief, they ſing, and dance, and laugh,
They ſleep, and toy, and feaſt, and quaff.
Nothing but Gaming is forbid,
Cauſe loſs of money makes men ſad.
There *Thracian Orpheus*, ſo well known,
In a long painted Indian-Gown,
To his Theorbo's and Guittars,
Sings *Lawes*'s and *Ned Colman*'s Airs.

There

There ſits *Ben Johnſon* like a Tetrarch,
With *Chaucer*, *Carew*, *Shakeſpear*, *Petrarch*,
Fletcher and *Beaumont*, and *Menander*,
Plautus and *Terence*, (how I wander?)
Horace, and *Cowley* with his Miſtreſs;
And *d'Amboiſe* now quite free from diſtreſs
With *Chapman* ſpends his merry days.
Then *Shirley* brought 'um ſome new Plays,
And then a while they chew'd the Cud;
Till *D'avenant* in a gen'rous mood
Brought 'um whole loads of *Love and Honor*:
For you muſt know 'tis not the manner
To write new Plays in this ſame place;
And reaſon's plain as noſe in face:
For why? there be no Malefactors;
Or ſhould they make 'um, there's no Actors:
Yet th'are good reading, 'cauſe they ſhow
How ſtill, affairs on Earth do go.
Quo *Hero*, what make Poets here
That us'd on Earth to drink and ſwear?

Quo

Quo ſhe, good Sir, you are too baſe,
To grudge 'um thus a reſting-place;
Wits ſo Divine, that never *Ilium*
By many furlongs yet could fellow 'um:
Therefore though Heav'n may ſeem too good,
I'm certain Hell is much too bad.
Where would ye have 'um then, *Tom Tottie?*
Beſides, to ſhew your humour ſnottie,
Who made theſe ſtately Fields I pray?
Who planted all theſe Groves but they?
And ſhall you venture to diſpoſe
The ſweat and labour of their brows?
Go on, *Tom Fool*, and view the Gang
From whence your high-born Worſhip ſprang,
Now keeping merrier *Chriſtmaſſes*
Then Earth could e're afford 'um: theſe
Were *Ilus* and *Aſſaracus*,
And *Troys* firſt founder *Dardanus*,
All in lac'd Coats of Scarlet Chamlet;
And with them, Prince of *Denmark Hamlet*.

But

But why comes he so out of season?
While ye have Rhime, ne're ask the reason.
There sees the Son of *Venus* bright
Their Spears in ground fix'd bolt upright;
And stately Barbes dispers'd abroad,
Cropping the Flowers that Fields do load;
Embroider'd Saddles to behold,
With Bitts and Stirrups all of Gold.
Here certain Points and Questions nice
About these Horses do arise;
Whether these Horses shit or no,
What scent, and colour, if they do;
Whether each Horse have not a Groom,
With Close-stool to receive perfume:
Or whether it be no disgrace
For Horse to dung *Elysian* grass.
For which I shall referr ye well
To one, if any one can tell,
I mean the learned *Zabarell*.
These Horses were for Chariots some,

And

And some to jolt the Riders bum:
Some only let their horses trott,
Though stronger backs made 'um curvett;
While Mistress looks and much admires
Her warlike Champion in his geers.
There's great St. *George*, as in the Medal,
With Dragon, fram'd by art of *Dedal*,
So made, as soon as *George* comes nigh her,
To spit and sputter Squibs of fire.
St. *George* he takes a furions course,
The Dragon spits, away flies horse,
Leaving St. *George* upon the Grass;
The sport of many a pretty Lass.
Poor *Sabra* ty'd in jeast to tree,
Begins to doubt her Liberty:
But *George* unhors'd will not give out,
(Which caus'd the Sign, St. *George* a-foot)
To Dragon then he comes anon,
And with his trusty Blade layes on,
Till all the Squibs being spent and gone,

Poor

Poor Dragon lyes dead as a ſtone.
To *Sabra* then away goes he,
And Garter which ty'd her to Tree,
He ſtreightway tyes above her knee.
The antient men with hairs ſo white,
Old ſtories of their youth repeat;
But chiefeſt tales are of their Wenches,
Paring their nails upon blue Benches.
Hard by the Banks of pleaſant *Poe*, (flow,
Which through a neighboring Wood doth
Live ſuch as for their Countries good
Have loſt their fortunes, and their blood;
Bold *Cato*'s, ſuch as would not fear
To waken drowſie Princes ear,
Although they made him Treaſon hear.
In near adjacent Lawrel thickets,
All your great Scholars, blithe as Crickets,
Together live, whoſe noble parts
Firſt fill'd the World with uſeful Arts:
With many a midling merry Prieſt,

Not

Not quite so serious as the rest,
Such as Parishioners lov'd well;
Would tope, yet knew their tales to tell;
That rather took then offer'd wrong,
Moral in heart Divine in tongue.
That ne're couuld flatter to be great,
Contented with a little seat.
Some Cardinals, and Popes a few,
That followed all the light they knew:
Some Monks and Friars, not so furious
To count all but their own Sect spurious
Who though not fit in heaven to dwell,
Are yet too good to live in Hell.
Most true Historians, that with Lie
Ne're strove to blind Posterity.
Quo Hero then, but who are those,
With meager chops and thread bare cloaths?
Those are a sort of Dromedaries,
On Earth yclyped Antiquaries;
Who having all their Earthly Terms

Convers't ſo much with bugs and worms,
Liv'd pity'd here, only they wait
On thoſe that ſoard a loftier hight;
With their own books of little uſe,
To wipe the nobler Schollars ſhooes.
Herodotus though much at eaſe
Attends upon *Thucidides*.
Curtius for ſlandring *Alexander*,
Is *Saluſt*'s chief *Varlet du Chambre*;
And *Jovius* with his vain Romances,
Thuanus's *Amanuenſis*.
Cauſinus with his *Holy Court*.
Thought to have liv'd in better Port;
But Suttle *Tydor* ſpoil'd his plots,
For daubing ſo the Queen of *Scots*.
And had not *Conſtantine* been juſt
For his Encomiums upon truſt,
To make him Page of his back-ſtairs,
He might have gone and ſhak'd his ears.
All theſe of ſtrangers ſpying brace,

Stran-

Strangers in habit and in face,
Like Bees began to flock about.
At length appears among the rout
Old Grandsire Greybeard, whose upholders
Were a tall Fellows lusty shoulders.
This man that lookt like Knight oth' Shire,
And brought for their Interpreter,
Was hight *Musæus*, Courtier much,
For your Love writers all are such.
Madam, quo he, whom here d'ye peep for,
Is he a Lodger, or House-keeper?
With Courtesie low, the Witch reply'd,
I search for one, that need not hide
His head for treason, nor for debt;
An Aldermans fellow, if not yet
Himself the Alderman of his Ward;
Anchises is his name, great Bard.
Where is his house, I pray ye now?
Six pence I'le give, for Boy to shew.
Old woman, quo the reverend Bard,

You poſe one with a queſtion hard;
We have no houſe, nor houſhold goods,
But Tartar-like, live in the woods.
The Rivers banck is all our bed,
And verdant meads with flowers beſpread.
But you, if heart and will agree,
Surmount yon hill, by yonder tree,
Then all along a hedge of Roſes
Directly follow your own Noſes:
Truly, quoth ſhe, through ſtrange devices
Here are we come to ſee *Anchiſes*;
Not for his chear, nor yet his wine,
Nor for his Apricocks ſo fine,
But for to know what wo or joy
Great Fate intends his only Boy,
Who having ſoft place in his pole,
Craves wit from Fathers Jobbernole,
Then quo *Muſæus* on my word,
If ſo you pleaſe I le make a third
To lead ye, where in Saffron Frock

Ye soon shall find out Bully rock,
To Poet Rampant Hero said,
take ye at your word, be dad;
nd so all three together pace it;
irst Poet ask'd what says the Gazet;
or he was much for Novelties;
Eneas told him twenty lies;
nd when he wanted, pumpt for new,
Which *Sybil* all averr'd for true.
hile Hero thus did Poet dril,
t length they reach the top of Hill;
he prospect that it shew'd the eye
hrough a serene unclouded Skie,
o large and full of spicie wealth,
s made *Æneas* bless himself;
hen Quoth *Musæus*, there's your way,
hese are the bounds I must obey.
o Hero then, I oft have seen
place like this, on Earth, an Inn,
such were here we would not part

With dry lips thus beſhrew my heart.
Muſæus gone they ſtare about
To try what ſtaring could find out:
At length as far as eye could ſee
They ſaw *Anchiſes* by a tree;
For ſoon they find him by the ſight
Of locks ſo long and eke ſo white.
He there was making muſter-roles
Of ſeveral troops of new coyn'd Soules;
That the next poſt were to be ſent
Each one to their Apartiment.
Some he deſign'd for Earls and Lords,
S ome to be ſtifled ſtreight in T——
Some to be Leaders of great Armies,
And ſome for *Lazarill s de Tormes*;
He bookt their ſeveral Fates and ends,
With ſilver pen and fingers ends;
Firſt teachin, them their ſeveral Leſſons,
On Earth to manage their Profeſſions.
As ſoon as he beheld his Son,

With voice as loud as Red-coates gun,
And both his Arms a kimbo plac't,
Quo he, Long look't for's come at last.
With that his voice dropt from his teeth,
And tears rode post to beard beneath:
Recovering speech, ah, my Dear Son,
That has so many Risco's run,
Alas I ne're had hope to see thee.
But that I well knew who was wi'thee;
Thy good old Friend *Dissimulation*,
And pious shew of feign'd *Devotion*.
Well fare a Father, such as me;
Was ever Son bred up like thee?
I've taught thee first to chēat the Devils,
What next will Mortals be but trifles?
I knew, if thou wert wise and wary,
That my advice could ne're miscarry;
Though not so sure, Son, understand,
As now I have thee in my hand.
I fear'd lest with a *Carthage* Bitch,

Thou wouldſt ha'made a rotten Match;
At that ſame time a hundred times
I curs'd thee in good proſe not rhimes;
Pox take my Son, Son of a whore,
Pardon the expreſſion I implore.
Thou know'ſt 'tis given t'our Family
Sometimes to curſe as well as cry.
Then come my Son, thy Dad embrace;
Come kiſs the middle of my face.
Lets weep together for a wager;
Anchiſes cheeks that were ſo meager,
Like Fiſh-ponds ſtreight did over-flow;
Æneas ſeeing him do ſo,
Wept on till he could weep no more;
That had it been a planked floor,
Th'had both ſtood anckle deep in tears.
Oh, quoth *Æneas*, tearing hairs,
Oh how I joy to ſee thoſe chops,
The lovely cauſe of all theſe drops!
His cheeks, who from my ſmall infancy,

Till

Till I was fit for Necromancy,
Not like a surly Pedagogue,
Whipping me like a Bridewel rogue,
But taught me more then verbs and nouns.
With words more sweet then Mackaroones;
What act of valour have I done,
In passing *Styx* or *Acheron*?
A Coward arm'd with duty would
Have forc'd, where I but brib'd the flood;
'Twas duty brought me here, dear Father,
And rather than have fail'd I had rather
Hell had fall'n down upon my pate.
And squeez'd me like a Pancake flat,
But as I am your Son and Friend,
I pray dispatch me out of hand.
My Navy lies at six and sevens
The Souldiers hungry all as Ravens,
And dare not stir a foot for vittles,
For fear of cut-throat Latine Spittles;
And if I don't return with speed

They

They'l think me gone to the Devil indeed.
Methinks I hear 'um curſe already,
Without reſpect to Mam or Daddy,
Calling me Baſtard, you great Fool;
This ſaid, with beard like any pool,
Three times he ſtrove to embrace *Anchiſes*,
And every time, that's thrice, he miſſes,
Hands off, quo he, as ſowre as verjuice,
I'm but a ſhadow at thy ſervice,
In vain thou thinkſt thy Dad to dandle;
For ther's no man can ſhadows handle.
Hero confus'd at this rebuke,
For grief at firſt was like to puke,
But preſently took heart a grace,
Quo he, Dear Father, what you pleaſe.
Down in a Valley's bottom ſtood
Fann'd by the wind, a mighty wood;
Hard by whoſe placid Manſion's ran
A River, that will make a man
Take but a Sup, I know not how,

As

As drunk as ever *Davids* Sow.
'Tis all a perfect *Aqua vite*,
But forty thousand times more mighty.
About it stood a vengeance press
Of people more than numberless.
Have ye e're seen a swarm of Bees
In a wild field of blossom'd Pease,
Some sucking flow'rs, some on the wing,
While all at busie labour sing?
Just so about *Lethean* floud,
Those Souls in Sea-sand numbers stood,
They that but drunk a brandy cup,
Their heads fell down, their heels flew up;
Their memory lost, like drunken Sots,
Not to be mov'd out of Cart-ruts.
And yet so eager was their thirst,
That each one strove who should drink first;
At *Tunbridge* such their crowding is,
For water for to make ye piss.
Æneas in a peck of troubles

Began

Began to twinckle with his goggles,
Anchiſes, who was in his life,
As ſuttle as a Cuckolds wife,
His meaning by his mumping knew:
Quoth he the Souls that there you view,
Are Souls whom Fate, to *Plato* kind,
With other bodies doth befriend.
Rather then one ſo much her Minion
Should loſe the crack of his opinion.
And therefore here, o're head and ears
They cleanſe their Tripes from all the cares
Which they in former bodies had,
And all the pranks, that then they play'd,
That ſo all former crimes forgot,
Like Souls new vampt, ſans ſtain or blot,
They may return to ſecond Lot.
May 't pleaſe your Grace with all ſubmiſſion
Theſe Souls are Souls of no diſcretion;
Or elſe bewitch'd with mortal day,
To leave ſo near to heav'n the way,

To

To seek new sorrows upon Earth,
That nothing else indeed brings forth,
It is a vain stupidity,
Or else, Dear Father, is't a lie?
To question of ungracious Child,
Anchises shew'd himself more mild.
Quoth he, ye simple Doterel,
Speak like a Clerk or not at all;
But you profound *Terrestrians*
Believe that all your Geese are Swans.
When all your babling idle Stories
Are but the talk of Pothecaries.
Hero abashed at Fathers taunting,
Pull'd in his horns without more vaunting.
Then like an Orator, *Anchises*;
Suttly unfolded strange devices;
Quo he, Dame Nature is a woman;
That breeds beholding unto no man:
From womb of this Hermophradite
Did all these children come to light,

The

The Sun and Moon, the Stars, the Earth
The Woods and Ocean, and ſo forth;
Now Nature, that gives ſuch to all,
And feeds the Univerſal Ball,
To ſpeak, like *Virtuoſo*, ſmartly
Is *tot in tot, & tot in qualibet parte.*
And Man is but a Lanthorn bright,
Where Natures candle giveth light,
This candle thus in Lanthorn put,
Sometimes ſhines clear, and ſometimes not:
If Lanthorns horns be clear and thin,
Then candle is more plainly ſeen;
But if the Lanthorns horns be thick,
This candle then burns not ſo quick.
When candle burns with a quick fire,
From thence comes joy and briſk deſire.
But when it burns a t'other faſhion,
Thence grief, and fear, and other paſſion;
But when this candle quite goes out,
Then Life extinguiſhes to boot.

This

This candle now, which is the Soul,
In Lanthorn shut grows thick and foul,
With it's own soot and filthy steem,
But being wash'd in Brimstone stream,
And sok d a thousand years in sulphur,
All the while scalding for Soules welfare,
At length it gains its orient lustre;
Then after such a tedious cluster
Of thick tormenting fryings, boilings,
Fierce scaldings, rostings, gridlings, broilings
All in good time they are admitted
To take their ease being thus refitted,
In these Elysian Fields; much more
To their contentment, then before.
To perfect all, here they come down,
And all their former sorrows drown;
Lose memory of death and hell,
As sound again, as fish or bell.
So after qualmes men drink Strong-water
And pains forget in short while after:

A pleaſant ſtory by this light,
Then quo the Son of *Venus* bright,
Now let me hang up for a ſign,
If from the ſixth or ſeventh line,
(Or if you pleaſe to call it verſe)
I underſtand more then a horſe.
The reſt were *Behmens Theologica*,
Or *Anthroſopophia Magica*.
Either my Father ſpeaks obſcure,
Or I am a damn'd Dunce, that's ſure
Quo he, what matters that, ye Kitling,
If you don't know then leave your twatling;
I thought to have made a learned Speech,
And ſhewn your learning to your Witch,
By reparty's of Approbation;
And you to talk beſides the Cuſhion!
Now what d'ye think, ſhe'l make report on?
But that your breeding was Hogs-Norton.
As thus *Anc' iſes* ſtill walk'd on,
Maundring and jeering at his Son,

They

They found themselves, as in a cloud,
Wrapt in the middle of the croud,
Of them that drank and went away.
Ne're calling what there was to pay.
There on a hillock sate *Anchises*,
Like Pedogogue that buttock slices;
There as he sate upon a hillock,
Now son, quo he, of bad and ill luck
I'le tell thee all that shall be fall thee,
Now then, as if I were to maul the,
With ferula, hold forth thy hand:
For Palmistry is my great freind,
But ere I look upon thy hand
By *Venus* mount to understand,
Cast your sheep's eyes on yonder lad
In coat of yellow flannel clad,
Mounted upon a Hobby horse,
That Youth, to shorten my discourse,
Is thy own Son, whom thou shalt get
With so much fury, so much sweat,

That thou ſhalt dye with *Rem in re.*
From whom, as branches from a tree,
Shall ſpring Albanian Progenie.
His mother being ſhepheards daughter
Shall call him *Silvius*, who ſoon after
His guts with melons over loading
Shall quickly give the Crow a pudding.
There's *Capys* Vex him, and he'l ſlap ye,
Brim-full of metal, but unhappy.
He both a Coyner and a theife
At Tyborn young, ſhall end his life.
Behold next him the Valiant *Procas*
At cards and dice a very *Hocus*,
But ſome body ſhall ſpoil his marriage,
By putting rats bane in His porridge.
And there ſtout *Numitor* behold
Who ſhall be worth his weight in Gold.
Next him anot her doubtie Wight
Brave *Silvius Æneas* hight,
He, a true chip of the old block,

Like

Like thee, much given to the ſmock.
As horſe in Cart, with gentle pace,
One goes and t'other takes his place,
So ſhall this team of Kings in Courſe
Succeed to thee their grand forehorſe.
All from thy Codpeice, in a row,
Coming a chicken a traintrow;
And though ſomewhat to mothers pains,
They ſhall be born with Crowns and Chains.
They ſhall build townes and Cities many
Nomentum and the faire *Fidene*
Drawing to them a Crew of rogues
With Cumin ſeed and roaſted doggs.
Twas eaſie then to people Town,
E're men were tamely ty'd to one, (ing,
Conſtrain'd to plow where need's no plow-
And ſow where crop's already growing.
There cut and dry'd a ſoul remains
Liſting a tipto twixt the ſcenes;
When Fate and time will call her forth

To act King *Romulus* on Earth
He certainly ſhall be no fool,
Bred up in learned Vaulting School;
Begot by *Mars* under a hedge;
His life ſhall be a ſtrange hodge podge
Of very good and very ill,
He ſhall build *Rome* and 's Brother kill,
Behold how in his cap he wears
Two Capons tailes, by Father *Mars*,
As th' Emblems of diſtinction giv'n;
To man ſo much belov'd of heav'n.
This whimſical King deſcended thus
By Mother from *Aſſaracus*,
Brave Trojan he, (and now dear Brat,
I hope thou 'gin'ſt to ſmell a Rat,)
Shall wall in *Rome*, the worlds great wonder,
Twice well preſerv'd by Geeſe and Thunder;
Deſtin'd to Empire Sea and Land,
And when ſhe can no more command
The outward body, ſhall controul

The

The inward part of man, his Soul.
To this great Luck ſhall much conduce,
Th'engendring tool of *Romulus*;
So numerous ſhall be the Race
Proceeding from his piſſing-place.
Like *Berecinthia* in the Fable,
As formal and as venerable,
As *Laons* Byſhop, or Prelate
Pretending to a Cardinals hat.
Have you e're ſeen, or if you e're did.
For my part, I am ſure I ne're did,
How proudly through the Phrygian Streets,
Her *Flanders*-Lyon teem curvets?
While ſhe with Steeple-crowned hat,
In Cart, on ſack of beanſhels, ſate,?
With wither'd arms a Kimbo plac't
On fardingale of aged waſte?
And all to ſhew how good ſh'had bin,
In her young dayes at in and In
The mother of a hundred brothers,

And each one got by twenty fathers?
Oh Happy Pair, had long taile-Roman
Met Calve skin Breech of Phrygian woman:
From his great haunches ſhall proceed
The Brave *Iulus* conquering ſeed;
Not flatter'd *Cæſar*, we defie him,
Let *Virgil* praiſe him that got by him:
For though men flatter living Princes;
They flatter dead, that want their ſenſes.
Wer't not in drollery, we knew how,
But there's no ſubject for us Now.
Well quo *Anchiſes* wee will put
In *Cæſars* Rome Great *Bajazet*:
Or if his Name be *Amurath*,
It matters not a Tilers lath,
He lives: and now I think on't, boy,
Lives either in, or cloſe to *Troy*.
Or rather *Conſtantine* the Great,
Who firſt advanc'd the Papal Seat.
For though the man be in death s bowre,

Yet

Yet we may praise his living Power,
He though no *Trojan*, born how e're
Where race of *Trojans* seated were,
Restor'd to Rome the golden Ages,
Enriching Popes, then poor as Pages
But hey—my boy, I have him now;
Lyes closer layd the better show:
With my soules eyes methinks I see
Great Antichrist, chief of the Three, (ther
He, whore, or whores bird chuse you whe-
Some say he's both, some say he's neither,
Romes Power shall far and near extend
Indus and *Garamas* beyond,
The Caspian Seas, *Mæotis* Lake
Dread the fierce noise his bulls there make.
There is a land, beyond the starrs
Without the reach of Sun, or Years;
That's where we are, in Purgatory,
So great is here the Powerful hurrie
Of this Ecclesiastick *Cæsar*

That

That he commands our lives and treasure
For ev'ry one here ev'ry minute
For his Church musick pays him tribute.
Never *Alcides* with his Club,
That great Tereſtriall *Belzebub*,
Although the wind pipe once he ſplit
Of monſtrous Hart with brazen feet;
Though out of Arſehole once he tore
The Guts of *Erymanthian* Boar,
Or though he peirc'd with fatal arrow
Lernean Dragons back-bone marrow,
So many Earthly Gods or Princes
Orecame with his ſoul nipping pinches;
Great *Bacchus* force, who thick as hopps
Drove Tygars down from *Nyſa*'s tops,
And then made ſuch a ſtir in *Ægypt*
To his great Power was but a flea-bit.
He that lookes there ſo like a bard,
With Cap like yeo-man of the Guard,
Is *Numa* hight, firſt Roman He

That

That to the Gods did bend his knee,
He ſeeing all his Roman Brethren
To be a crew of perfect Heathen:
Reform, quo he, reform ye Varlets,
I'le find ye Laws, and *Bowdie* Scarlets.
And for your duty to the Gods,
I'le help ye too out of the ſudds.
And then ſhall he, half King half Muftie,
Compile Religion, ruftie, tuftie:
Of prettie tables thirty pound
In ſweet *Natales Comes* found:
Of formes a handful for varietie,
Pict from old *Practices* of *Pietie*.
Five ounces of th' Aſſemblies Catechiſme,
With twenty Drams of *Fox*-Phanaticiſme.
Of prayers a bagful from *Trithemius*,
For other things not ſo abſtemius
But he can pick up Ceremony
As bees from any weeds get hony.
You'd ſwear that for his *Flamin* Rabble

He

He had rak'd hell and ſcumm'd the Devil
Socinus, *Arrius*, and *Pelagius*,
Luther and *Calvin*, *Simon Magus*,
Behmen and *Sedgwick*, *Nye* and *Sterry*;
(What think ye of his Conſiſtory)
Each one of theſe ſhall add a Whimſey
To hodge podge up religious frenzy.
Tullus ſucceeds not halfe ſo Antick
But he ſhall fight as he were frantick
And next to him old father *Ancus*
Who for remembring him may thank us,
Juſt ſuch another Thunder—bones
As *Warwick Guy*, or Captain *Jones*.
See *Tarquin* here, that ſon of a punck
As lecherous as an Old Monk,
By him ſtands *Brute* that made him pay
So deadly dear for his horſe-play,
Quo he Kings are imperious Aſſes,
Let Conſuls now uſurp the *Faſces*.
He fatal axe, firſt Roman Conſul,

With

With his one Childrens necks did handsel
Though too severe to kill the Ladds,
That might ha' whipt 'em with his Rods
e with his beard like Roman T,
rquatus in due time shall be
There goes *Camillus*; that man's safe
That ne're comes near his quarter staffe.
There be the *Drusi* and the *Curii*,
Never provoke 'em, I Conjure ye.
Those two ye see look one at to'ther,
ust'as if one would eat the other.
What are they pray Sir? why the one
on's father, t' other fathers son.
Here freinds, they neither brawle nor fight
ound with the ponderous chains of Night,
But when they come to have their swinge,
O heavens! I tremble at the change.
Upon a Plain, what Plain no matter, (ter)
What havock shall they make, what slaugh-
While Son to murder father seeks,

And

And Father ſon to chop like Leeks.
Ungracious birds for olive Branch,
To ranſack thus your Countrys Paunch:
Upon the Hills of *Monaco*
How Eccho ſwore (for well you know,
She ſtil muſt do what others do,
So while they ſwore ſhe muſt ſwear too)
When Son was hunting fathers Manſion
To ask him bleſſing with his trunchion.
Anough anough, well boxt, well boxt
Put up your whinyards and be poxt;
Twere better on my reputation,
To put your ſtrife to arbitration;
Where ſhoulder a mutton and a Capon.
Shall terminate the rage of weapon:
There with a wart upon his Toy,
Stands, He that *Corinth* ſhall deſtroy.
That other of *Achilles* tomb,
Shall make a ſeat for naked Bumm;
Where after ages ſhall ſhitt cuſtard,

On

On Reliques of fair *Thetis* Bastard.
A hogstie shall he make of *Argos*,
First having ravish'd all their Virgo's,
Where *Agamemnon* layd his *Psyche*,
There shall he lay a T--- an't like ye,
Ore Conquer'd *Greece* demanding reason,
For *Ilium* destroy'd by treason.
Ther's *Cato* an ill-natur'd Droll,
With second *Amadis de gaul*
Grim *Cossus*: There on *Gracchus* look ye,
Just such another Clown as *Okey*:
The *Scipio's* both, all tow and tinder,
That flying men's houses out at windor.
Next him with breath so strong of garlick,
Appears *Fabricius* the warlick:
Old *Fabius*, sir nam'd wink-and shite,
Who never bark't till he could bite.
Besides a thousand more at least,
Quos nunc perscribere longum est:
All sprung from loyns of mine or yours,

Neirher

Or kidneys of our Anceſtors —
The reſt are Souls of other men,
Neither to me nor you a kin.
In th'Art of Phyſick ſome excelling,
For reading ſome, and ſome for ſpelling;
Some in the Law for drawing Leaſes,
And ſome for painting Chimney-pieces.
Some to write Hiſt'ries, ſome Romances;
Some to dreſs fiſh, ſome to fry tanſies.
Some to peele Walnuts, ſome for marriage;
Some to make *Alexander* porridge.
Anchiſes here began to pauſe;
For he had tir'd his aged jaws.
But ſoon refreſh'd with *Aqua vitæ*,
He thus reſum'd his idle ditty.
See there *Marcellus* with a pack
Of *Punic* trophies at his back:
Lac'd ſcarlet breeches, new buffe coats,
Portmantles full of *Harry* groates;
With ſilver ſpurs, embroidered hats,

Hol

Holland half-shirts, *Holland* Cravats,
Which they that bought of Linnen-draper,
Ne're meant for such a Whipper-snapper.
He, though a Logger-headed Booby,
Shall firk Great *Hannibals* blind Toby,
And *Gauls*, as big as Gyants, cut
As small as Pot-herbs to the Pot.
While thus *Anchises* talkt of *Twanker*,
Æneas spies a sweet-fac't Younker;
The prettiest Moppet, Heav'ns to bless it,
As ever Nurses Lap bepissed.
With Drum and Spear of guilded Lattin,
And forty knots on Bonnet Sattin.
Quoth *Venus* Son, what dandling Elf
Is that so like my pretty self,
When first my breeches I befritter'd,
Or in plain English first besquitter'd,
With ruddy Cheeks, like a Queen-apple,
Though sorrow clouds his face of Maple?
What ails the pretty Child towhimper,

Like

Like pupie dog ſhut up in hamper
Is it *Narciſus* or *Adonis*?
What means that croud of blubring Toni
With Sarſnet ſcarfs ſo cleanly dreſt,
Holding up pall of *Mortuus eſt*:
Anchſies then, dear darling brat,
Why ſhould'ſt thou wake a ſleeping Cat?
Why ſhould I tel ye tale of tubbs,
To make ye have the Muligrubs.
That ſtripling nere to be forgotten,
Like Cattern Pear, ſoon ripe ſoon rotten;
Is one that Fate ſhall only deigne,
To ſhew and take away againe:
A jewel ſure if any thing,
For why? he was the Devils gold r'ng.
Firſt give a thing and take a thing.
Had he but liv'd and had his health,
H' had been I know not what my ſelf:
But falling down ſo falling ſtar-like,
So dy'd their hopes with poor Peel-garlick.

With

With him they'r ready to expire,
Seeing their fat now in the fire:
Had he not reason then to look,
Like boy, that's kept too long at's book,
Or puppie that has stole a pudding,
For by his death he lost a wedding;
Quo Son of great *Anchises*, Hoy-da
Here's a long tale of shitten arse boy-da,
I wonder, by my Mother *Venus*,
You should be such a *Nicodemus*:
To keep me here with twittle twattles,
In praise of Hobby horse and rattles.
Quo Father 'twas our zeal that thrust us,
To praise th' adopted of *Augustus*;
Quo Son, then good-man head of beetles
It seems y' are only *Virgils* wheedles:
Son Quo *Achises*, Poets who are
Most comonly like flead Rats poor
Shame on the age that lets 'em live,
Only on what your great men give;

And therefore wisely tongue—Cut-purses
They nipp your bungs for coyn, with verses.
Forc'd with illustrious prattle prittle
To praise great things though ne're so little:
This said, *Anchises* bows his face,
As Country Vicar bow's to's Grace.
So after speech all crum'd with knowledge
To King Scrapes Master of a Colledge;
Æneas bred among the Gods,
Return'd him twenty A-la-modes:
While *Sybil* that had liv'd at *Hackney*,
With Mid-wife-*Dopps* had broke her back (nigh.
Then quo *Anchises* give me now,
My Darling dear, thy hand of sow:
I'le open all thy good or bad-luck,
With key of Chiromancy padlock:
ThenPaw stretch'd out, quo cunning Gipsie,
In mount of *S l*, a C my sheeps eye,
Gravely discerns, Son, thou shalt feel,
Much hurt by iron or by steel.

In

In *Venus* Mount I spie a C,
Ah Son, woe worth thee now for me,
These C's these C's take heed my Son, *Hony soyt qui maly pense*
These C's has many a man undone.
For in this mount a C denotes,
The Love of Common Petticotes:
Thy Lines of handwrist red and pure,
Toward Mount *Luna* signe are sure.
Of Great success in martial sports,
Icleped winning female forts.
Now seeing signes that gave him trouble,
Quo Son, good Sir why shake you noddle?
Quo he each cross that here appears,
Is each a drunken fall down stairs:
The signe of Gridiron on this place,
Shews you shall lose your very Arse.
But man is fraile therefore I charge ye
As soon as ye get home to purge ye:
Then on a Saturday at night,
At ten a clock the Angel hight,

Fair *Tarquel* look for his advice,
Will teach thee how to cogg thy dice.
And every Thurſday at nine a clock,
The ſpirit *Camael* in'voake:
He's Major General of a Legion,
Towards the Southern fiery Region
And (as ſay Sons of *Mecubal*)
A ſort of Raſcalls Myſtical,
Rules figures of the Airie *Trigon*,
Mark, my dear Son, for I am high flown
Which to ſay truth ſhew in a word,
Succeſs both of thy tool and Sword;

Conjunctio Puer, Lætus Albus,
Puella Populus ferrum Balbus.

For you Muſt know Turnus *had an impediment in his ſpeech*

Conjunction, Boys, mirth, ſilver white,
Make Girls and men, ſcare *Turnus* quite.
Now Demagogue of *Trojan* Nation,
A way-bit uſe of Exhortation:
Is it ſo then that thou my Son
Ar't like to be *Romes* Corner-ſtone,

That

That from thy Loyns, as from a fountain
Muſt flow what ere my ſpeech doth contain.
Then thou like Surgeon rule thy people,
Cut of proud fleſh, but ſpare the feeble.
That all thy actions may run bias,
Be ſure hold faſt the name of *Pius:*
They that foundations lay of Empire,
As well as ſwear muſt ſometimes whimper
Thy Anceſtors examples cheriſh,
Chief men of worſhip in their Pariſh:
Though they were Cuckolds what of that,
'Tis many an honeſt mans hard fate.
Neglect not buſineſs for thy pleaſure,
But game and wench when thou haſt leiſure
But above all (obſerve a block-head)
My Son keep money in thy Pocket.
For that will make thy people Sing,
God proſper long our Noble King.
Thus Sermon ended, they depart,
But here behold a Poets art;

Her's witch and man in Hell lockt in,
But how to get'em out agen.
Hang him that has no ſhifts; you'l ſay,
Hang *Virgil* then, but I ſay nay;
For he has got a ſhift or twain,
Two gates there be that appertain
To ſleep, quo he, the one of horn,
(*Salmacius* ſay's by Cuckolds worne) (bers,
Through wth falſe dreams paſs in great num-
To trouble Coxcombs idle ſlumbers.
Through t'other made of ſhining ivory,
Thoſe iſſue forth that wear truths livery;
Through one of the back doors of Hell,
I mean the latter, *Virgil* well:
As maid at night lets ſweet-heart forth,
Sends back his Champion up to earth,
For my part I beleeve him rather,
Then contradict ſo grave an Author.
Though captious critic hence would ſwear,
'Twas all a dream that went before,

Æneas

Æneas having his discharge,
Like man from Counter set at large:
Nere look't be'hind but nimbly trips,
To visit Rake-shames and their ships.
When they beheld his orient chapp s,
They hollow'd and flung up their caps:
But he cry'd, peace ye curs'd dunder-heads
Have I left one hell, to find hundreds.
To *Sybel* then for all her trouble,
Most like a Prince he gave Rose-Noble:
Then seeing all things in good order,
Did as i'th' next book you'l hear farther.

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The Portraicture of His Majeſty *CHARLES* the Second, being a full and exact Account of His Majeſties Eſcape at *Worceſter* and other memorable Paſſages in his Life: With an Account of His Majeſties happy Reſtauration.

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